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Mary Anne Town  
Shilton  
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1780





















**POEMS**  
**BY**  
**LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.**



**POEMS**

**BY**

**LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.**

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**Philadelphia:**  
**PUBLISHED BY JOHN LOCKEN,**  
*No. 311 Market Street.*

.....  
**1842.**



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# POEMS

BY

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

---

## THE FIRST MORNING OF SPRING.

---

BREAK from your chains, ye lingering streams ;  
Rise, blossoms, from your wintry dreams ;  
Drear fields, your robes of verdure take ;  
Birds, from your trance of silence wake ;  
Glad trees, resume your leafy crown ;  
Shrubs, o'er the mirror-brooks bend down ;  
Bland zephyrs, wheresoe'er ye stray,  
The Spring doth call you,—come away.  
Thou too, my soul, with quicken'd force  
Pursue thy brief, thy measur'd course ;



With grateful zeal each power employ ;  
Catch vigour from Creation's joy ;  
And deeply on thy shortening span  
Stamp *love to God and love to man.*

But Spring, with tardy step, appears,  
Chill is her eye, and moist with tears ;  
Still are the founts in fetters bound, —  
The flower germs shrink within the ground.  
Where are the warblers of the sky ?  
I ask, — and angry blasts reply.  
It is not thus in heavenly bowers : —  
Nor ice-bound rill, nor drooping flowers,  
Nor silent harp, nor folded wing,  
Invade that everlasting Spring  
Toward which we look with wishful tear,  
While pilgrims in this wintry sphere.

“NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH.”

---

*Not dead?* A marble seal is prest,  
 Where her bright glance did part,  
 A weight is on the pulseless breast,  
 And ice around the heart ;  
 No more she wakes with greeting smile,  
 Gay voice, and buoyant tread,  
 But yet ye calmly say the while,  
*She sleeps, she is not dead.*

If thou dost mourn for ashes cold,—  
 A voice from heaven replied,  
 “Then be thine anguish uncontr’l’d,  
 Thy tears a heathen tide ;  
 Thine idol was that vestment fair  
 Which wraps the spirit free,  
 Earth, air, and water, claim their share,  
 Say ! which shall comfort thee ?

• But the strong mind whose heaven-born thought  
 No earthly chain could bind,

The holy heart divinely fraught  
With love to all mankind,  
The humble soul whose early trust  
Was with its God on high,  
~~These were thy sister~~, who in dust  
May sleep, but cannot die."

## THE COMMUNION.

—◆—  
 “Master! it is good to be here.”

MARK, ix., 5.

—◆—  
 THEY knelt them side by side; the hoary man  
 Whose memory was an age, and she whose  
 cheek  
 Gleam'd like that velvet which the young moss-  
 rose  
 Puts blushing forth from its scarce sever'd  
 sheath.  
 There was the sage,—whose eye of science  
 spans  
 The comet in his path of fire,—and she  
 Whose household duty was her sole delight  
 And highest study. On the chancel clasp'd,  
 In meek devotion, were those bounteous hands  
 Which pour forth charities, unask'd, untr'd,—  
 And his which roughly win the scanty bread

For his young children. There the man of might  
 On bended knee, fast by his servant's side,  
 Sought the same Master,—brethren in one  
     faith,  
 And fellow-pilgrims.

    See yon wrinkled brow,  
 Where care and grief for many a year have  
     trac'd  
 Alternate furrows,—bow'd so near those lips,  
 Which but the honey and the dew of love  
 Have nourish'd. And, for each, eternal health  
 Descendeth here.

    Look! look! as yon deep veil  
 Is swept aside, what an o'erwhelming page  
 Disease hath written with its pen of pain.  
 Ah, suffering sister, thou art hastening where  
 No treacherous hectic plants is funeral rose:  
 Drink thou the wine-cup of thy risen Lord,  
 And it shall nerve thee for thy toilsome path  
 Through the dark valley of the shade of death.

—'Tis o'er. A holy silence reigns around.  
 The organ slumbers. The sweet, solemn voice  
 Of him who dealt the soul its heavenly food  
 Turns inward, like a wearied sentinel,  
 Pillowing on thought profound.

    Then every head  
 Bends low in parting worship,—mute, and deep,  
 The whisper of the soul. And who may tell

In that brief, silent space, how many a hope  
Is born that hath a life beyond the tomb.

—So hear us, Father! in our voiceless prayer,  
That at thy better banquet all may meet,  
And take the cup of bliss, and thirst no more.

## THOUGHTS AT THE FUNERAL OF A FRIEND.

THAT solemn knell, whose mournful call  
 Strikes on the heart, I heard ;  
 I saw the sable pall  
 Covering the form revered.  
 And, lo! his fathers' race, the ancient and  
 the blest,  
 Unlock the dim sepulchral halls, where silently  
 they rest,  
 And to the unsaluting tomb,  
 Curtained round with rayless gloom,  
 He entereth in, a wearied guest.

To his bereaved abode, the fire-side chair,  
 The holy, household prayer,  
 Affection's watchful zeal, his life that blest,  
 The tuneful lips that soothed his pain,  
 With the dear name of "Father" thrilling  
 through his breast,  
 He cometh not again.

Flowers in his home bloom fair,  
 The evening taper sparkles clear,  
 The intellectual banquet waiteth there,  
 Which his heart held so dear.  
 The tenderness and grace  
 That make religion beautiful still spread  
 Their sainted wings to guard the place—  
 Alluring friendship's frequent tread.  
 Still seeks the stranger's foot that hospitable  
 door,  
 But he, the husband and the sire, returneth  
 never more.

His was the upright deed,  
 His the unswerving course,  
 'Mid every thwarting current's force,  
 Unchanged by venal aim, or flattery's hollow  
 reed:  
 The holy truth walked ever by his side,  
 And in his bosom dwelt, companion, judge, and  
 guide.

But when disease revealed  
 To his unclouded eye  
 The stern destroyer standing nigh,  
 Where turned he for a shield?  
 Wrapt he the robe of stainless rectitude  
 Around his breast to meet cold Jordan's flood?  
 Grasped he the staff of pride  
 His steps through death's dark vale to guide?



22 THOUGHTS AT THE FUNERAL OF A FRIEND.

Ah no! self-righteousness he cast aside,  
Clasping, with firm and fearless faith, the cross  
of Him who died.

Serene,—serene,—  
He press'd the crumbling verge of this terrestrial  
scene,  
Breath'd soft in childlike trust  
The parting groan,—  
Gave back to dust its dust,—  
To Heaven, its own.

## ON A PICTURE OF PENITENCE.

YES! look to Heaven. Earth scorns to lend  
 Refuge, or ray thy steps to guide;  
 Bids pity with suspicion blend,  
 And slander check compassion's tide.

We will not ask, what thorn hath found  
 Admittance to thy bosom fair,—  
 If love hath dealt a traitor's wound,  
 Or hopeless folly woke despair:—

We only say, that sinless clime,  
 To which is raised thy streaming eye,  
 Hath pardon for the deepest crime,  
 Though erring man that boon deny:—

We only say, the prayerful breast,  
 The gushing tear of contrite pain,  
 Have power to ope that portal blest,  
 Where vaunting pride must toil in vain.

## R O M E .

'Tis sunset on the Palatine. A flood  
 Of living glory wraps the Sabine hills,  
 And o'er the rough and serrate Appenines  
 Floats like a burning mantle. Purple mists  
 Rise faintly o'er the grey and ivied tombs  
 Of the Campagna, as sad memory steals  
 Forth from the twilight of the heart, to hold  
 Its mournful vigil o'er affection's dust,  
 Was that thy camp, old Romulus, where creeps  
 The clinging vine-flower round yon fallen fanes  
 And mouldering columns?

Lo! thy clay-built huts,  
 And band of malcontents, with barbarous port,  
 Up from the sea of buried ages rise,  
 Darkening the scene. Methinks I see thee  
 stand,

Thou wolf-nursed monarch, o'er the human  
 herd

Supreme in savageness, yet strong to plant  
 Barrier and bulwark, whence should burst a  
 might

And majesty by thy untutored soul

Unmeasured, unconceived. As little dreams  
 The careless boy, who to the teeming earth  
 Casts the light acorn, of the forest's pomp,  
 Which, springing from that noteless germ, shall  
 rear

His banner to the skies, when he must sleep  
 A noteless atom.

Hark! the owl's cry,  
 That, like a muttering sybil, makes her cell  
 'Mid Nero's house of gold, with clustering  
 bats,  
 And gliding lizards. Tells she not to man,  
 In the hoarse plaint of that discordant shriek,  
 The end of earthly glory &

With mad haste  
 No more the chariot round the stadium flies;  
 Nor toil the rivals in the painful race  
 To the far goal; nor from yon broken arch  
 Comes forth the victor, with flushed brow, to  
 claim

The hard-earned garland. All have pass'd  
 away,

Save the dead ruins, and the living robe  
 That nature wraps around them. Anxious fear,  
 High-swollen expectancy, intense despair,  
 And wild exulting triumph, here have reigned,  
 And perished all.

'Twere well could we forget  
How oft the gladiator's blood hath stained  
Yon grass-grown pavement, while imperial  
Rome

With all her fairest, brightest brows, looked  
down

On the stern courage of the wounded wretch  
Grappling with mortal agony. The sigh  
Or tone of tender pity were to him  
A dialect unknown, o'er whose dim eye  
The distant vision of his cabin rude,  
With all its echoing voices, all the rush  
Of its cool, flowing waters, brought a pang  
To which keen death was slight.

But now the scene  
Once proudly peopled with the gods of earth  
Spreads unempurpled, unimpassion'd forth,  
While, curtain'd with her ancient glory,—Rome  
Slumbereth, like one o'erwearied.

DEPARTURE OF  
MRS. HANNAH MORE  
FROM BARLEY WOOD.



It was a lovely scene,  
That cottage 'mid the trees,  
And peerless England's shaven green,  
Peep'd, their interstices between,  
While in each sweet recess, and grotto wild,  
Nature convers'd with art, or on her labours  
smil'd.

It seem'd a parting hour,  
And she whose hand had made  
That spot so beautiful with woven shade  
And aromatic shrub and flower,  
Turn'd her from those haunts away,  
Tho' spring relum'd each charm, and fondly  
woo'd her stay.

Yon mansion teems with legends for the  
heart :

There her lov'd sisters circled round her side,

To share in all her toils a part,

There, too, with gentle sigh

Each laid her down to die :

Methinks their beckoning phantoms glide,

Twining with tenderest ties

Of hoarded memories,

Green bower, and quiet walk, and vine wreath'd  
spot :

Hark ! where the cypress waves

Above their peaceful graves,

Seems not some echo on the gale to rise ?

“ O, sister, leave us not ! ”

Her lingering footstep stays

Upon that threshold stone,

And o'er the pictur'd wall, her farewell gaze

Rests on the portraits, one by one,

Of treasur'd friends, before her gone

To that bright world of bliss where partings are  
unknown.

The wintry snows

That fourscore years disclose,

When slow to life's last verge, Time's lonely  
chariot goes,

Are on her temples ; and her features meek

Subdued and silent sorrow speak ;  
 Yet still her arm in cheerful trust doth lean ;  
 On faithful friendship's prop,—that changeless  
 evergreen.

Like Eve, from Paradise, she goes,  
 Yet not by guilt involv'd in woes,  
 Nor driven by angel bands,—  
 The flaming sword is planted at her gate  
 By menial hands :  
 Yes, those who at her table fed,  
 Despise the giver of their daily bread,  
 And from ingratitude and hate  
 The wounded patron fled.

Think not the pang was slight  
 That thus within her uncomplaining breast  
 She cover'd from the light :  
 Tho' knowledge o'er her mind had pour'd  
 The full, imperishable hoard,  
 Tho' virtue, such as dwells among the blest,  
 Came nightly, on reflection's wing, to soothe her  
 soul to rest,  
 Tho' Fame to farthest earth her name had  
 borne,  
 These brought no shield against the envious  
 thorn :  
 Deem not the envenom'd dart  
 Invulnerable found her thrilling woman's heart.



*Man's home is everywhere.* On ocean's flood,  
 Where the strong ship with storm-defying tether  
 Doth link in stormy brotherhood  
 Earth's utmost zones together,  
 Where'er the red gold glows, the spice-trees  
 wave,  
 Where the rich diamond ripens, 'mid the flame  
 Of vertic suns that ope the stranger's grave,  
 He, with bronz'd cheek and daring step  
 doth rove ;  
 He with short pang and slight  
 Doth turn him from the chequer'd light  
 Of the fair moon thro' his own forests dancing,  
 Where music, joy, and love,  
 Were his young hours entrancing ;  
 And where ambition's thunder-claim  
 Points out his lot,  
 Or fitful wealth allures to roam,  
 There, doth he make his home,  
 Repining not.

*It is not thus with Woman.* The far halls,  
 Though ruinous and lone,  
 Where first her pleased ear drank a nursing-  
 mother's tone,—  
 The home with humble walls,  
 Where breath'd a parent's prayer around her  
 bed,—  
 The valley, where with playmates true,  
 She cull'd the strawberry, bright with dew,—

The bower, where Love her timid footsteps  
    led,—  
The hearth-stone where her children grew,—  
    The damp soil where she cast  
The flower-seeds of her hope, and saw them  
    bide the blast,—  
    Affection, with unfading tint recalls,  
    Lingering round the ivied walls,  
Where every rose hath in its cup a bee,  
    Making fresh honey of remember'd things,  
Each rose without a thorn, each bee bereft of  
    stings.

## P E A C E.



“Peace I leave with you.”—JOHN, xiv., 27.



“*Peace*,” was the song the angels sang,  
 When Jesus sought this vale of tears,  
 And sweet that heavenly prelude rang,  
 To calm the wondering shepherds’ fears :—  
 “*War*,” is the word that man hath spoke,  
 Convuls’d by passions dark and dread,  
 And vengeance bound a lawless yoke  
 Even where the Gospel’s banner spread.

“*Peace*,” was the prayer the Saviour breathed  
 When from our world his steps withdrew,  
 The gift he to his friends bequeathed  
 With Calvary and the cross in view :—  
 And ye whose souls have felt his love,  
 Guard day and night this rich bequest,  
 The watch-word of the host above,  
 The passport to their realm of rest.

TOMB OF A YOUNG FRIEND AT  
MOUNT AUBURN.

---

I do remember thee.

There was a strain  
Of thrilling music, a soft breath of flowers  
Telling of summer to a festive throng,  
That fill'd the lighted halls. And the sweet  
smile

That spoke their welcome, the high warbled lay  
Swelling with rapture through a parent's heart,  
Were thine.

Time wav'd his noiseless wand awhile,  
And in thy cherish'd home once more I stood,  
Amid those twin'd and cluster'd sympathies  
Where the rich blessings of thy heart sprang  
forth,

Like the moss rose. Where was the voice of  
song?

Pouring out glad and glorious melody?—  
But when I ask'd for thee, they took me where  
A hallow'd mountain wrapt its verdant head  
In changeful drapery of woods, and flowers,

And silver streams, and where thou erst didst  
love,

Musing to walk, and lend a serious ear  
To the wild melody of birds that hung  
Their un harm'd dwellings 'mid its woven  
bowers.

Yet here and there, involv'd in curtaining  
shades

Uprose those sculptur'd monuments that bear  
The ponderous warnings of eternity.

So, thou hast pass'd the unreturning gate,  
Where dust with dust doth linger, and gone  
down

In all the beauty of thy blooming years  
To this most sacred city of the dead.  
The granite obelisk and the pale flower  
Reveal thy couch. Fit emblems of the frail  
And the immortal.

But that bitter grief  
Which holds stern vigil o'er the mouldering  
clay,

Keeping long night-watch with its sullen lamp  
Had fled thy tomb, and faith did lift its eye  
Full of sweet tears : for when warm tear-drops  
gush

From the pure memories of a love that wrought  
For others happiness, and rose to take  
Its own full share of happiness above,  
Are they not sweet ?

## MIDNIGHT MUSIC.\*

WHAT maketh music, when the bird  
 Doth hush its merry lay ?  
 And the sweet spirit of the flowers  
 Hath sighed itself away ?  
 What maketh music when the frost  
 Enchains the murmuring rill,  
 And every song that summer woke  
 In winter's trance is still ?

---

\* "The Rev. Mr. George Herbert, in one of his walks to Salisbury to join a musical society, saw a poor man, with a poorer horse, which had fallen under its load. Putting off his canonical coat, he helped the poor man to unload, and raise the horse, and afterwards to load him again. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man. And so like was he to the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse, admonishing him also, 'if he loved himself, to be merciful to his beast.' Then, coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be always so trim and neat, should come into that company so soiled and

What maketh music when the winds  
 In strong encounter rise,  
 When ocean strikes his thunder-gong,  
 And the rent cloud replies ?  
 While no adventurous planet dares  
 The midnight arch to deck,  
 And, in its startled dream, the babe  
 Doth clasp its mother's neck ?

And when the fiercer storms of fate  
 Wild o'er the pilgrim sweep,  
 And earthquake-voices claim the hopes  
 He treasur'd long and deep,  
 When loud the threatening passions roar  
 Like lions in their den,  
 And vengeful tempests lash the shore,  
 What maketh music then ?

---

discomposed. Yet, when he told them the reason, one of them said that he had 'disparaged himself by so mean an employment.' But his answer was that, the thought of what he had done, would prove music to him at midnight, and that the omission of it would have made discord in his conscience, whenever he should pass that place. 'For if,' said he, 'I am bound to pray for all that are in distress, I am surely bound, so far as is in my power, to practise what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet would I not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy, and I praise God for this opportunity. So now let us tune our instruments.'"

The deed to humble virtue born,  
Which nursing memory taught  
To shun a boastful world's applause,  
And love the lowly thought,  
This builds a cell within the heart,  
Amid the blasts of care,  
And tuning high its heaven-struck harp,  
Makes midnight music there.



## TRUST IN GOD.

“And David said, Let me now fall into the hand of the Lord, for his mercies are great,—and let me not fall into the hand of man.”—2 SAM. xxiv., 14.

MAN hath a voice severe,  
 His neighbour's fault to blame,  
 A wakeful eye, a listening ear  
 To note his brother's shame.

He, with suspicious glance  
 The curtain'd breast doth read,  
 And raise the accusing balance high,  
 To weigh the doubtful deed.

Oh Thou, whose piercing thought  
 Doth note each secret path,  
 For mercy to Thy throne, we fly,  
 From man's condemning wrath.

Thou, who dost dimness mark  
 In Heaven's resplendent way,

And folly in that angel host  
Who serve thee night and day..

How fearless should our trust  
In thy compassion be,  
When from our brother of the dust  
We dare appeal to Thee.

## THE CHRISTIAN MOURNER.

---

I SAW a dark procession slowly wind  
 'Mid funeral shades, and a lone mourner stand  
 Fast by the yawning of the pit that whelm'd  
 His bosom's idol.

Then the sable scene  
 Faded away, and to his alter'd home  
 Sad fancy follow'd him, and saw him fold  
 His one, lone babe, in agoniz'd embrace,  
 And kiss the brow of trusting innocence,  
 That in its blessed ignorance wail'd not  
 A mother lost. Yet she who would have  
 watch'd

Each germ of intellect, each bud of truth,  
 Each fair unfolding of the fruit of Heaven,  
 With thrilling joy, was like the marble cold.

—There were the flowers she planted, blooming  
 fair,

As if in mockery,—there the varied stores  
 That in the beauty of their order charm'd  
 At once the tasteful and the studious hour,  
 Pictures, and tinted shells, and treasur'd tomes;

But the presiding mind, the cheerful voice,  
The greeting glance, the spirit-stirring smile,  
Fled, fled for ever.

And he knoweth all!

Hath felt it all, deep in his tortur'd soul,  
Till reason and philosophy grew faint,  
Beneath a grief like his. Whence hath he then  
The power to comfort others, and to speak  
Thus of the resurrection?

• He hath found

That hope which is an anchor to the soul,  
And with a martyr-courage holds him up  
To bear the will of God.

Say, ye who tempt

The sea of life, by summer-gales impell'd,  
Have ye this anchor? Sure a time will come  
For storms to try you, and strong blasts to rend  
Your painted sails, and shred your gold-like  
chaff

O'er the wild wave; and what a wreck is man  
If sorrow find him unsustain'd by God.

## F A I T H.

---

WRAPT in the robe of Faith,  
 Come to the place of prayer,  
 And seal thy deathless vows to Him  
 Who makes thy life his care.

Doth he thy sunny skies  
 O'ercloud with tempest gloom?  
 Or take the idol of thy breast,  
 And hide it in the tomb?

Or bid thy treasur'd joys  
 In hopeless ruin lie?  
 Search not his reasons,—wait his will;  
 The record is on high.

For should he strip thy heart  
 Of all it boasts on earth,  
 And set thee naked and alone,  
 As at thy day of birth,

He cannot do thee wrong,  
 Those gifts were his at first,—

Draw nearer to his changeless throne,  
Bow deeper in the dust.

Calls he thy parting soul  
Unbodied from the throng?  
Cling closer to thy Saviour's cross,  
And raise the victor song.

## THE DYING MOTHER'S PRAYER.

---

I HEARD the voice of prayer—a mother's  
prayer—

A dying mother for her only son.  
Young was his brow, and fair.  
Her hand was on his head,  
Her words of love were said,  
Her work was done.

And there were other voices near her bed—  
Sweet, bird-like voices—for their mother dear  
Asking, with mournful tear.

Ah, by whose hand shall those sad tears be  
dried,  
When one brief hour is fled,  
And hers shall pulseless rest, low with the silent  
dead?

Yes, there was death's dark valley, drear and  
cold!

And the hoarse dash of an o'erwhelming wave  
Alone she treads: is there no earthly hold,  
No friend—no helper—no strong arm to save?

Down to the fearful grave,  
In the firm courage of a faith serene,  
Alone she press'd—  
And as she drew the chord  
That bound her to her Lord  
More closely round her breast,  
The white wing of the waiting angel spread  
More palpably, and earth's bright things grew  
pale.  
Even fond affection's wail  
Seemed like the far-off sigh of spring's forgotten  
gale.

And so the mother's prayer,  
So often breathed above,  
In agonizing love,  
Rose high in praise of God's protecting care.  
Meek on his arm her infant charge she laid,  
And with a trusting eye,  
Of Christian constancy,  
Confiding in her blest Redeemer's aid,  
She taught the weeping band,  
Who round her couch of pain did stand,  
How a weak woman's hand,  
Fettered with sorrow and with sin,  
Might from the king of terrors win  
The victory.



## CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

“Lift up your heads, ye hallowed gates, and  
The <sup>give</sup> King of Glory room.”

And then a strain  
Of solemn trembling melody inquired,  
“Who is the King of Glory.”

But a sound  
Broke from the echoing temple, like the rush  
Of many waters, blent with organ's breath,  
And the soul's harp, and the uplifted voice  
Of prelate, and of people, and of priest,  
Responding joyously—“The Lord of Hosts,  
He is the King of Glory.”

Enter in  
To this his new abode, and with glad heart  
Kneel low before his footstool. Supplicate  
That favouring presence which doth condescend,  
From the pavilion of high heaven to beam  
On earthly temples, and in contrite souls.

Here fade all vain distinctions that the pride  
Of man can arrogate. This house of prayer

Doth teach that all are sinners—all have strayed  
Like erring sheep. The princely, or the poor,  
The bright or ebon brow, the pomp of power,  
The boast of intellect, what are they here?  
Man sinks to nothing, while he deals with God.

Yet, let the grateful hymn of those who share  
A boundless tide of blessings—those who tread  
Their pilgrim path, rejoicing in the hope  
Of an ascended Saviour—through these walls.  
For ever flow. Thou dedicated dome  
May'st thou in majesty and beauty stand,  
Stand, and give praise, until the rock-ribbed  
earth.

In her last throes shall tremble. Then dissolve  
Into thy native dust, with one long sigh  
Of melody, while the redeemed souls  
That, 'neath thine arch, to endless life were  
born,

Go up, on wings of glory, to the "house  
Not made with hands."

## THE CHRISTIAN GOING HOME.

Occasioned by the words of a dying friend,—“**Before morning, I shall be at home.**”

HOME! home! its glorious threshold  
 Through parted clouds I see,  
 Those mansions by a Saviour bought,  
 Where I have longed to be,  
 And, lo! a bright unnumbered host  
 O'erspread the heavenly plain,  
 Not one is silent—every harp  
 Doth swell the adoring strain.

Fain would my soul be praising  
 Amid that sinless throng,  
 Fain would my voice be raising  
 Their everlasting song,—  
 Hark!—hark! they bid me hasten  
 To leave the fainting clay,  
 Friends! hear ye not the welcome sound?  
 “Arise, and come away.”

Before the dawn of morning  
These lower skies shall light,  
I shall have joined their company  
Above this realm of night,  
Give thanks, my mourning dear ones,  
Thanks to the Eternal King,  
Who crowns my soul with victory  
And plucks from Death the sting.

## WAITING UPON THE LORD.

—◆—  
 "I will wait upon the Lord, that hideth his face."  
 ISAIAH.

—◆—  
 WHERE'ER thine earthly lot is cast,  
 Whate'er its duties prove,  
 To toil 'neath penury's piercing blast,  
 Or share the cell of love,  
 Or 'mid the pomp of wealth to live,  
 Or wield of power the rod,  
 Still as a faithful servant strive  
 To wait alone on God.

Should disappointment's blighting sway  
 Destroy of joy the bloom,  
 Till one by one thy hopes decay  
 In darkness and the tomb,  
 Should Heaven its cheering smile withhold  
 From thy disastrous fate,  
 And foes arise like billows bold,—  
 Still, on Jehovah wait.

When timid dawn her couch forsakes,  
Or noon-day splendours glide,  
Or eve her curtain'd pillow takes,  
While watchful stars preside,  
Or midnight drives the throngs of care  
Far from her ebon throne,  
Unwearied in thy fervent prayer  
Wait thou on God alone.

But should He still conceal his face  
Till flesh and spirit fail,  
And bid thee darkly run the race  
Of Time's receding vale,  
With what a doubly glorious ray  
His smile will light that sky  
Where ransom'd souls rejoicing lay  
Their robes of mourning by.

## DEATH-BED OF THE REV. DR. PAYSON.

---

“The eye spoke after the tongue became motionless. Looking on his wife, and glancing over the others who surrounded his bed, it rested on his eldest son, with an expression which was interpreted by all present to say, as plainly as if he had uttered the words of the beloved disciple,—‘Behold thy mother!’”

*Memoir of the REV. EDWARD PAYSON.*

---

WHAT said the eye? The marble lip spake not,  
Save in that quivering sob with which stern  
death

Crusheth life's harp-strings. Lo! again it pours  
A tide of more than uttered eloquence—

“Son! look upon thy mother,”—and retires

Beneath the curtain of the drooping lids

To hide itself for ever. 'Tis the last,

Last glance! and, ah! how tenderly it fell

Upon that loved companion, and the groups

Who wept around. Full well the dying knew  
 The value of those holy charities  
 Which purge the dross of selfishness away ;  
 And deep he felt that woman's trusting heart  
 Rent from the cherished prop which, next to  
 Christ,  
 Had been her stay in all adversities,  
 Would take the balm-cup best from that dear  
 hand  
 Which woke the sources of maternal love ;  
 That smile whose winning paid for sleepless  
 nights  
 Of cradle-care—that voice whose murmured  
 tones  
 Her own had moulded to the words of prayer.  
 How soothing to a widowed mother's breast,  
 Her first-born's sympathy.

Be strong, young man !

Lift the protector's arm, the healer's prayer—  
 Be tender in thine every word and deed.  
 A spirit watcheth thee ! Yes, he who pass'd  
 From shaded earth up to the full-orbed day,  
 Will be thy witness in the court of Heaven,  
 How thou dost bear his mantle. So, farewell,  
 Leader in Israel ! Thou whose radiant path  
 Was like the angel's standing\* in the sun,  
 Undazzled and unswerving. It was meet  
 That thou should'st rise to light without a cloud.

---

\* Revelations, xix., 17. \*



## MISSION HYMN.

ONWARD! onward! men of heaven,  
Rear the Gospel's banner high;  
Rest not, till its light is given,—  
Star of every pagan sky.  
Bear it where the pilgrim-stranger  
Faints 'neath Asia's vertic ray;  
Bid the red-browed forest-ranger  
Hail it, ere he fades away.

Where the arctic ocean thunders,—  
Where the tropics fiercely glow,  
Broadly spread its page of wonders,  
Brightly bids its radiance flow.  
India marks its lustre, stealing,  
Shivering Greenland loves its rays,  
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,  
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

Rude in speech, or grim in feature,  
Dark in spirit though they be,  
Show that light to every creature,—  
Prince or vassal,—bond or free.—

Lo! they haste to every nation;  
Host on host the ranks supply  
Onward! Christ is your salvation,—  
And your death is victory!

ON MEETING SEVERAL FORMER  
PUPILS AT THE COMMUNION  
TABLE.

---

“I have no greater joy than to see my children  
walk in the truth.”—ST. JOHN.

---

WHEN kneeling round a Saviour's board  
Fair forms, and brows below'd, I see,  
Who once the paths of peace explor'd,  
And trac'd the studious page with me,—

Who from my side with pain would part ;  
My entering step with gladness greet,  
And pour complacent, o'er my heart,  
Affection's dew-drops, pure and sweet,

When now, from each remember'd face  
Beam tranquil hope and trust benign,  
When in each eye Heaven's smile I trace,  
The tear of joy suffuses mine. ;

Father! I bless thy ceaseless care,  
 Which thus its holiest gifts hath shed ;  
 Guide Thou their steps through every snare,  
 From every danger shield their head.

From treacherous error's dire control,—  
 From pride, from change, from darkness free,  
 Preserve each timorous, trusting soul,  
 That, like the ~~ask~~-dove, flies to Thee.

And may the wreath, that cloudless days  
 Around our hearts so fondly wove,  
 Still bind us till we speak Thy praise,  
 As sister spirits, one in love ;—

One, where no lingering ill can harm ;  
 One, where no stroke of fate can sever ;  
 Where nought but holiness doth charm,  
 And all that charms shall live for ever.

## THE LOST SISTER.



THEY wak'd me from my sleep, I knew not  
     why,  
 And bade me hasten where a midnight lamp  
 Gleam'd from an inner chamber. There she  
     lay,  
 With brow so pale,—who yester-morn breath'd  
     forth  
 Through joyous smiles her superflux of bliss  
 Into the hearts of others. By her side  
 Her hoary sire, with speechless sorrow, gazed  
 Upon the stricken idol,—all dismay'd  
 Beneath his God's rebuke. And she who nurs'd  
 That fair young creature at her gentle breast,  
 And oft those sunny locks had deck'd with buds  
 Of rose and jasmine, shuddering wip'd the dews  
 Which death distils.

    The sufferer just had given  
 Her long farewell, and for the last, *last* time  
 Touch'd with cold lips his cheek who led so late  
 Her footsteps to the altar, and receiv'd  
 In the deep transport of an ardent heart  
 Her vow of love. And she had striven to press

That golden circlet with her bloodless hand  
 Back on his finger, which he kneeling gave  
 At the bright, bridal morn. So, there she lay  
 In calm endurance, like the smitten lamb  
 Wounded in flowery pastures, from whose breast  
 The dreaded bitterness of death had pass'd,  
 —But a faint wail disturb'd the silent scene,  
 And, in its nurse's arms a new-born babe  
 Was borne in utter helplessness along,  
 Before that dying eye.

Its gather'd film  
 Kindled one moment with a sudden glow  
 Of tearless agony,—and fearful pangs,  
 Racking the rigid features, told how strong  
 A mother's love doth root itself. One cry  
 Of bitter anguish, blent with fervent prayer,  
 Went up to Heaven,—and, as its cadence sank,  
 Her spirit enter'd there.

Morn after morn  
 Rose and retir'd; yet still as in a dream  
 I seem'd to move. The certainty of loss  
 Fell not *at once* upon me. Then I wept  
 As weep the sisterless.—For thou wert fled,  
 My only, my belov'd, my sainted one,—  
 Twin of my spirit! and my number'd days  
 Must wear the sable of that midnight hour  
 Which rent thee from me.

## MISTAKEN GRIEF.

—◆—

“There the wicked cease from troubling, and there  
the weary are at rest.” Job.

—◆—

**WE** mourn for those who toil,  
 The wretch who ploughs the main,  
 The slave who hopeless tills the soil  
 Beneath the stripe and chain ;  
 For those who in the world's hard race,  
 O'erwearied and unblest,  
 A host of gliding phantoms chase ;  
 Why mourn for those who rest ?

We mourn for those who sin,  
 Bound in the tempter's snare,  
 Whom syren pleasure beckoneth in  
 To prisons of despair,—  
 Whose hearts, by whirlwind passions torp,  
 Are wreck'd on folly's shore,  
 But why in anguish should we mourn  
 For those who sin no more ?

We mourn for those who weep,  
Whom stern afflictions bend,  
Despairing o'er the lowly sleep  
Of lover or of friend ;  
But they who Jordan's swelling tide  
No more are call'd to stem,  
Whose tears the hand of God hath dried,  
Why should we mourn for them ?



## DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES FOR CEYLON.



WAVE, wide Ceylon, your foliage fair,  
 Your spicy fragrance freely strew,  
 See, ocean's threatening surge we dare,  
 To bear salvation's gift to you.

And, ye who long with faithful hand  
 Have fondly till'd that favour'd soil,  
 We come, we come, a brother-band  
 To share the burden of your toil.

Land of our birth ! we may not stay  
 The ardour of our hearts to tell,  
 Friends of our youth ! we dare not say  
 How deep within our souls ye dwell.

But when the dead, both small and great,  
 Shall stand before the Judge's seat,  
 When sea, and sky, and earthly state,  
 All like a baseless vision fleet,

The hope that then some heathen eye  
Thro' us, an angel's glance may raise,  
Bids us to vanquish nature's tie,  
And turn her parting tear to praise.

## CRY OF THE CORANNAS.

---

“Missionaries are going far beyond us,—but they come not to us. We have been promised a missionary, but can get none. God has given us plenty of corn, but we are perishing for want of instruction. Our people are dying every day. We have heard there is another life after death, but we know nothing of it.”

---

WE see our infants fade. The mother clasps  
 The enfeebled form, and watches night and day  
 Its speechless agony, with tears and cries,  
 But there's a hand more strong than her despair,  
 That rends it from her bosom. Our young men  
 Are bold and full of strength, but something  
     comes,  
 We know not what, and so they droop and die.  
 Those whom we lov'd so much, our gentler  
     friends,  
 Who bless our homes, *we gaze, and they are  
     gone.*

Our mighty chiefs, who in the battle's rage  
 Tower'd up like gods, so fearless, and return'd  
 So loftily, behold ! they pine away  
 Like a pale girl, and so, we lay them down  
 With the forgotten throng, who dwell in dust.

They call it death, and we have faintly heard  
 By a far echo o'er the distant sea  
 There was a life beyond it. *Is it so ?*  
 If there be aught above this mouldering mound  
 Where we do leave our friends,—if there be  
     hope,  
 So passing strange, that they should rise again  
 And we should see them, we who mourn them  
     now,  
 We pray you speak such glorious tidings forth  
 In our benighted clime. Ye heaven-spread sails  
 Pass us not by ! Men of the living God !  
 Upon our mountain-heights we stand and shout  
 To you in our distress. Fain would we hear  
 Your wondrous message fully, that our hearts  
 May hail its certainty, before we go  
 Ourselves to those dark caverns of the dead,  
 Where everlasting silence seems to reign.

## GIFT OF A BIBLE.

BEHOLD the book,—o'er which, from ancient  
 time,  
 Sad penitence hath poured the prayerful  
 breath,  
 And meek devotion bowed with joy sublime,  
 And nature armed her for the strife of death,  
 And trembling hope renewed her wreath divine,  
 And faith an anchor gained :—that holy book is  
 thine.

Behold the book,—whose sacred truths to  
 spread  
 Christ's heralds toil beneath a foreign sky,  
 Pouring its blessings o'er the heathen's head,  
 A martyr-courage kindling in their eye.  
 Wide o'er the globe its glorious light must shine,  
 As glows the arch of heaven :—that holy book is  
 thine.

Here search with humble heart, and ardent eye,  
 Where plants of peace in bloom celestial  
 grow ;

Here breathe to mercy's ear the contrite sigh,  
And bid the soul's unsullied fragrance flow  
To Him who shuts the rose at even-tide,  
And opes its dewy eye when earliest sunbeams  
glide

May Heaven's pure Spirit touch thy soften'd  
heart,  
And guide thy feet through life's eventful lot:  
That when from this illusive scene I part,  
And in the grave lie mouldering and forgot,  
This, my first gift, like golden link, may join  
Thee, to that angel-band around the Throne  
Divine.

## HOME MISSIONS.



TURN thee to thine own broad waters,  
 Labor in thy native earth,  
 Call salvation's sons and daughters  
 From the clime that gave thee birth.

*Here* are pilgrim-souls benighted,  
*Here* are evils to be slain,  
 Graces in their budding blighted,  
 Spirits bound in error's chain.

Raise the Gospel's glorious streamer  
 Where yon cloud-topp'd forest waves,  
 Follower of the meek Redeemer  
 Serve him 'mid thy father's graves.

## ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

SHE passeth hence,—a friend from loving friends,  
 A mother from her children. Time hath shed  
 No frost upon her, and the tree of life  
 Glows in the freshness of its summer prime.  
 Yet still she passeth hence : her work on earth  
 Soon done, and well. Her's was the unwavering  
 mind,

The untiring hand in duty. Firm of soul  
 And pure in purpose, on the Eternal Rock  
 Of Christian trust, her energies reposed,  
 And sought no tribute from a shadowy world.  
 Her early hope and homage gave to God,  
 When the bright skies, the untroubled founts of  
 youth,

With all their song-birds, all their flowers,  
 rose up

To tempt her spirit. So, in hours of pain,  
 He did remember her, and on her brow  
 And in her breast, the dove-like messenger  
 Found peaceful home.

O thou, whom grieving love  
 Would blindly pinion in this vale of tears,



Farewell! It is a glorious flight for faith  
To trace thy upward path, above this clime  
Of change and storm. We will remember thee  
At thy turf-bed,—and, 'mid the twilight hour  
Of solemn music, when the buried friend  
Comes back so visibly, and seems to fill  
The vacant chair, our speech shall be of thee.

## THE JOURNEY WITH THE DEAD.

---

**THEY** journey 'neath the summer sky,  
 A lov'd and loving train,  
 But Nature spreads her genial charms  
 To lure their souls in vain,  
 Husband and wife and child are there,  
 Warm-hearted, true and kind,  
 Yet every kindred lip is seal'd,  
 And every head declin'd.

Weary and sad, their course is bent  
 To seek an ancient dome,  
 Where hospitality hath made  
 A long-remember'd home;  
 And one with mournful care they bring  
 Whose footstep erst was gay  
 Amid these halls; why comes she now  
 In sorrow's dark array?

Here fell a sainted grandsire's prayer  
 Upon her infant rest,  
 And with the love of ripen'd years  
 The cherish'd haunt was blest;

Here was the talisman that bade  
Her heart's blood sparkle high,  
Why steals no flush across her cheek ?  
No lightning to her eye ?

They bear her to the house of God,  
But though that hallow'd spot  
Is fill'd with prayer from lips she lov'd  
Her voice respondeth not,  
She heedeth not, she heedeth not,  
She, who from early days  
Had joy'd within that holy Church,  
To swell Jehovah's praise.

Then onward toward a narrow cell  
They tread the grass-grown track,  
From whence the unreturning guest  
Doth send no tidings back ;  
There sleeps the grandsire high and brave  
In freedom's battles tried,\*  
With him whose banner was the cross  
Of Jesus crucified.

Down by those hoary chiefs she laid  
Her young, unfrosted head,  
To rise no more, until the voice  
Of Jesus wakes the dead,

---

\* General Putnam.

From her own dear, domestic bower,  
From deep, confiding love,  
From earth's unshaded smile, she turn'd  
To purer bliss above.

## PRISONERS' EVENING HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE FEMALES IN THE CONNECTICUT STATE PRISON.

---

THE silent curtains of the night  
 Our lonely cell surround,  
 God's dwelling is in perfect light,  
 His mercy hath no bound.

Still on the sinful and the vile  
 His daily bounties fall,  
 And still his sun with cheering smile  
 Dispenses good to all.

The way of wickedness is hard,  
 Its bitter fruits we know,  
 Shame in this world is its reward,  
 And in the future, woe.

But Thou! who see'st us while we pay  
 The penance of our guilt,  
 Cast not our souls condemn'd away,  
 Christ's blood for us was spilt.

Deep root within a soil subdued  
Let true repentance take,  
And be its fruits a life renew'd,  
For the Redeemer's sake.

Uplift our spirits from the ground,  
Give to our darkness, light.  
Oh Thou! whose mercies have no bound,  
Preserve us safe this night.

## THE HUGUENOT PASTOR.

---

During the persecution of the Huguenots in France, soon after the revocation of the edict of Nantz, one of their ministers, possessed of great learning and piety, having witnessed the demolition of his own Church at Montpellier, was induced by the solicitations of his people, to preach to them in the night, upon its ruins. For this offence, he was condemned to be broken on the wheel.

---

BEHOLD him on the ruins,—not of fanes  
 With ivy mantled, which the touch of time  
 Hath slowly crumbled,—but amid the wreck  
 Of his own temple, by infuriate hands  
 In shapeless masses, and rude fragments strown  
 Wide o'er the trampled turf. Serene he stood,  
 A pale, sad beauty on his youthful brow,  
 With eyes uprais'd, as if his stricken soul  
 Fled from material things. Where was the spire  
 That solemn through those chestnut trees looked  
 forth?  
 The tower, the arch, the altar, whence he bless'd

A kneeling throng? the font where infancy  
 Rais'd in his arms to God was consecrate,  
 An incense-breathing bud? Not on such themes  
 Dar'd his fond thoughts to dwell, but firm in  
 faith

He lifted up his voice and spake of Heaven,  
 Where desolations come not.

Midnight hung  
 Dreary and dense around, and the lone lamp  
 That o'er his Bible stream'd, hung tremulous  
 Beneath the fitful gale.

There, resting deep  
 Upon the planted staff, were aged men,  
 The grave's white tokens in their scatter'd hair,  
 And youthful forms, with gaze intensely fix'd  
 On their beloved Pastor, as he taught  
 Of Christ their righteousness, while here and  
 there

A group of mourning mothers from whose arms  
 Their babes by persecution's rage were torn  
 Blent with their listening, the low sob of grief,  
 Close by their father's knees young children  
 cower'd

And in each echoing footstep fear'd a foe.

—It was a time of trouble, and the flock  
 Came hungering for the heavenly bread which  
 gives

Strength to the heavy laden. 'Twas a scene  
 That France might well have wept with tears  
 of blood



But in the madness of a dire disease  
 She slew her loyal sons, and urg'd the sword  
 'Gainst her own vitals.

Lo! the dawn is out,  
 With her grey banner, and the parting flock  
 Seek their own homes, praising the Hand that  
 spares

Their faithful shepherd. Silent evening wakes  
 Far different orgies. Yonder mangled form  
 Sinking 'neath murderous fury, can ye trace  
 Its lineaments of beauty, 'mid the wreck  
 Of anguish and distortion? Son of God!  
 Is this *thy* messenger, whose voice so late  
 Thrill'd with an angel's sweetness, as it pour'd  
 Thy blessing on the people?

Yet, be still,  
 And breathe no bitter thought above his dust,  
 Who served the Prince of Peace. The spirit of  
 love

Did make that lifeless breast its temple-shrine,  
 Offend it not. But raise with tender hand  
 Those blood-stain'd curls, and shed the pitying  
 tear.

—That marble lip no more can bless its foes,  
 But from the wreck of martyrdom, the soul  
 Hath risen in radiance, o'er the strife of man.

“THIS IS NOT YOUR REST.”

---

WHEN Heaven's unerring pencil writes, on every  
 pilgrim's breast,  
 Its passport to Time's changeful shore, "*lo, this  
 is not your rest,*"  
 Why build ye towers, ye fleeting ones? why  
 bowers of fragrance rear?  
 As if the self-deceiving soul might find its Eden  
 here.

In vain! In vain! wild storms will rise and sweep  
 your fabrics sweep,  
 Yet when loud thunders wake the ways, and  
 deep replies to deep,  
 When in your path, Hope's broken prism doth  
 shed its parting ray,  
 Spring up and fix your tearful eye on undecaying  
 day.

If like an ice-bolt to the heart, frail Friendship's  
 altered eye  
 Admits those rosy wreaths are dead, it promis'd  
 could not die,

Lift, lift to an Eternal Friend, the agonizing  
 prayer,  
 The souls that put their trust in Him, shall never  
 know despair.

If Fancy, she who bids young Thought, its  
 freshest incense bring,  
 By stern reality rebuk'd, should fold her stricken  
 wing,  
 There is a brighter, broader realm than she has  
 yet reveal'd,  
 From flesh-girt man's exploring eye, and anxious  
 ear conceal'd.

*Earth is Death's palace*: to his court he sum-  
 mons great and small,  
 The crown'd, the homeless and the slave, are  
 but his minions all;  
 We turn us shrinking from the truth, the close  
 pursuit we fly,  
 But falter on the grave's dark brink, and lay  
 us down and die.

## THE SECOND BIRTH-DAY.

THOU dost not dream, my little one,  
 How great the change must be,  
 These two years, since the morning sun  
 First shed his beams on thee ;  
 Thy little hands did helpless fall,  
 As with a stranger's fear,  
 And a faint wailing cry was all  
 That met thy mother's ear.

But now the dictates of thy will  
 Thine active feet obey,  
 And, pleased, thy busy fingers still  
 Among thy playthings stray ;  
 And thy full eyes delighted rove  
 The pictured page along,  
 And, lisping to the heart of love,  
 Thy thousand wishes throng.

Fair boy ! the wanderings of thy way,  
 It is not mine to trace :  
 Through buoyant youth's exulting day,  
 Or manhood's bolder race :

What discipline thy heart may need,  
What clouds may veil thy sun,  
The eye of God alone can read—  
And let his will be done.

Yet might a mother's prayer of love  
Thy destiny control,  
Those boasted gifts that often prove  
The ruin of the soul,  
Beauty and fortune, wit and fame,  
For thee it would not crave,  
But tearful urge a fervent claim  
To joys beyond the grave.

O! be thy wealth an upright heart,  
Thy strength the sufferer's stay,  
Thine early choice, that better part,  
Which cannot fade away ;  
Thy zeal for Christ a quenchless fire,  
Thy friends the men of peace,  
Thy heritage an angel's lyre,  
When earthly changes cease.

## DEATH OF A CLERGYMAN.

So, from the field of labour thou art gone  
 To thy reward,—like him who putteth off  
 His outer garment, at the noontide hour,  
 To take a quiet sleep. Thy zeal hath run  
 Its course untiring, and thy quicken'd love,  
 Where'er thy Master pointed, joy'd to go.

—Amid thy faithful toil, His summons came,  
 Warning thee home,—and thou didst loose thy  
 heart

From thy fond flock, and from affection's bonds,  
 And from thy blessed children's warm embrace,  
 With smiles and songs of praise.

Death smote thee sore,  
 And plung'd his keen shaft in the quivering  
 nerve,  
 Making the breath that stirr'd life's broken  
 valve

A torturing gasp, but with thy martyrdom  
 Were smiles and songs of praise.

And thou didst rise  
Above the pealing of these sabbath bells  
Up to that glorious and unspotted church  
Whose worship is eternal.

Would that all  
Who love our Lord might with thy welcome  
look

On the last foe,—not as a spoiler, sent  
To wreck their treasures and to blast their joys,  
But as a friend, who wraps the weary clay  
With earth, its mother, and doth raise the soul  
To that blest consummation, which its prayers  
Unceasingly besought,—tho' its best hopes  
But faintly shadow'd forth.

So, tho' we hear  
Thy voice on earth no more,—the holy hymn  
With which thou down to Jordan's shore didst go  
To take thy last, cold baptism, still shall waft  
As from some cloud, its echoed sweetness back  
To teach us of the melody of heaven.

“DEPART, CHRISTIAN SOUL.”

---

DEPART ! depart ! the silver cord is breaking,  
 The sun-ray fades before the darken'd sight,  
 The subtle essence from the clod is taking,  
 'Mid groans and pangs, its everlasting flight ;  
 Lingerest thou fearful ? Christ the grave hath  
 bless'd,  
 He in that lowly couch did deign to take his rest.

Depart ! thy sojourn here hath been in sorrow,  
 Tears were thy meat along the thorn-clad  
 path,  
 The hope of eve was but a clouded morrow,  
 And sin appall'd thee with thy Maker's wrath,  
 Earth gave her lessons in a tempest-voice.  
 Thy discipline is ended. Chasten'd one, re-  
 joice !

Thou wert a stranger here, and all thy trouble  
 To bind a wreath upon the brow of pain,



To build a bower upon the watery bubble,  
Or strike an anchor 'neath its depths, was  
vain;  
Depart! depart! all tears are wiped away,  
The seraph-marshall'd road is toward the realm  
of day.

## THE FOREST TRIBES.



**WHERE** are they, the forest-rangers,  
 Children of this western-land ?  
 Who, to greet the pale-fac'd strangers,  
 Stretch'd the unsuspecting hand ?  
 Where are they, whom passion goaded  
 Madly to the unequal fight,  
 Tossing wild the feathery arrow  
 'Gainst the girded warrior's might ?

Were not these their own bright waters ?  
 Were not these their native skies ?  
 Rear'd they not their red-brow'd daughters  
 Where our princely mansions rise ?  
 From the vale their roofs have vanish'd,  
 From these streams their slight canoe ;  
 Chieftains and their tribes have perish'd,  
 Like the thickets where they grew.

Though their blood, no longer gushing,  
 Wakeneth war's discordant cry,

Stains it not the maple's flushing  
When sad Autumn's step is nigh?—  
None are living to deplore them,—  
None survive their names to tell,—  
But the sad breeze murmuring o'er them,  
Seems to sigh "farewell—farewell."

## DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED MAN.

DEATH'S shafts are ever busy. The fair haunts  
Where least we dread him, and where most the  
soul

Doth lull itself to fond security,  
Reveal his ministry; and, were not man  
Blind to the future, he might see the sky,  
Even in the glory of its cloudless prime,  
Dark with that arrow-flight.

They deemed it so  
Who marked thee like a stately column fall,  
And in the twinkling of an eye, yield back  
Thy breath to Him who gave it. Yes,—they  
felt,

Who saw thy vigorous footstep strangely  
chained

Upon the turf it traversed, and the cheek,  
Flushed high with health, to mortal paleness  
turn'd,

How awful such a rush from time must be.  
Thy brow was calm, yet deep within thy breast  
Were ranklings of a recent grief for her,

The idol of thy tenderness, with whom  
 Life had been one long scene of changeless love  
 Yea, thou didst watch the winged messenger  
 In sleepless agony that bore her hence,—  
 And, when that bright eye darken'd from whose  
 beams

Thine own had drank from youth its dearest  
 joy,

Upraised thine hands and gave her back to God.  
 The bleeding of thy heart-strings was not  
 stanch'd,

Nor scarce the tear-gush dried, ere death's dire  
 frost

Congeval'd thy fount of life.

Thy toil had been,  
 In that brief interval, to bear fresh plants  
 From the sweet garden which she loved to tend,  
 And bid them on her burial-pillow bloom.  
 But, ere the young rose, or the willow-tree,  
 Had taken their simplest rooting, thou wert laid  
 Low by her side. It was a pleasant place  
 Methought to rest,—earth's weary labour-dome,  
 Fanned by the waving of those drooping boughs,  
 And in her company whom thou didst choose,  
 From all the world, to travel by thy side,  
 Confidingly,—by deep affection cheer'd,  
 And in thy faith a sharer.

From the haunts  
 Of living men, thine image may not fleet  
 Noteless away. They will remember thee,

By many a word of witness for the truth,  
 And many a deed of bounty. In the sphere  
 Of those sublimer charities that gird  
 The mind—the soul—thine was the ready hand :  
 And for the hastening of that day of peace  
 Which sheathes the sword, thine was the earnest  
 prayer.

In thine own house and in the church of God  
 There will be weeping for thee. Thou no more  
 Around thine altar shalt delight to see  
 Thy children, and thy children's children, come  
 To take thy patriarch blessing,—and no more  
 Bring duly to yon consecrated courts  
 Thy sabbath offering. Thou hast gained the  
 rest  
 Which earthly sabbaths dimly shadow forth,  
 And to that ransomed family art risen  
 Which have no need of prayer.

But thou, O man !  
 Whose hold on life is like the spider's web,  
 Who hast thy footing 'mid so many snares,  
 So many pitfalls, yet perceivest them not,—  
 Seek peace with Him who made thee,—bind  
 the shield  
 Of faith in Christ more firmly o'er thy breast,  
 That, when its pulse stands still, thy soul may  
 pass,  
 Unshrinking, unreluctant, unamazed,  
 Into the fulness of the light of Heaven.

PARTING HYMN OF MISSIONARIES  
TO BURMAH.

NATIVE Land! in summer smiling,—  
Hill and valley, grove and stream,—  
Home! whose nameless charms beguiling  
Peaceful lull'd our infant dream,—  
Haunts! thro' which our childhood hasted  
Where the earliest wild-flowers grew,  
Church! where God's free grace we tasted,  
Gems on Memory's breast,—*adieu*..

Mother! who hast watch'd our pillow,  
In thy tender, sleepless love,—  
Lo,—we dare the crested billow,—  
Mother!—put thy trust above;—  
Father! from thy guidance turning,  
O'er the deep our way we take,—  
Keep the prayerful incense burning  
On thine altar for our sake.

Brothers! sisters! more than ever  
Seem our clinging heart-strings twin'd,

As that hallow'd bond we sever  
Which the hand of nature join'd :  
But the cry of pagan anguish  
'Thro' our inmost hearts doth sound,  
Countless souls in misery languish,  
We would haste to heal their wound.

Burmah! we would soothe thy weeping,  
Take us to thy sultry breast,  
Where the sainted few are sleeping,  
Let us share a kindred rest :  
Friends! our span of life is fleeting,  
Hark! the harps of angels swell,  
Think of that eternal meeting  
Where no voice shall say farewell.



## BABE BEREAVED OF ITS MOTHER.

FAIR is the tint of bloom,  
 That decks thy brow, my child ;  
 And bright thine eye looks forth from sleep,  
 Still eloquent and mild ;  
 But she, who would have joy'd  
 Those opening charms to see,  
 And clasp'd thee in her sheltering arms  
 With rapture—*where is she ?*

To heed thine every want  
 The watch of Love is near,  
 And all thy feeble plaints are heard  
 With sympathy sincere ;  
 Yet she, to whom that care  
 Had been most deeply dear,  
 Who bare thee on her ceaseless prayer,  
*The mother—is not here.*

Soon will these lips of rose  
 Their new-born speech essay,  
 But when thy little hopes and fears  
 Win forth their lispings way,

The ear that would have lov'd  
Their dove-like music best,  
Lies mouldering in the lowly bed  
Of death's unbroken rest.

Babe!—tho' thou may'st not call  
Thy mother from the dead,  
Yet canst thou learn the way she went,  
And in her footsteps tread;  
For sure that path will lead  
Up to a glorious home,  
Where happy spirits never part,  
And evil cannot come.

Her's was the hope that glows  
Unwavering and serene,  
The chasten'd spirit's meek repose  
In every changeful scene;  
Her's was the victor-power  
When mortal anguish came,—  
Child!—be thy holy trust thro' life,  
Thy peace in death, the same.

“WHITHER SHALL I FLEE FROM  
THY PRESENCE.”—DAVID.

TAKE morning's wing, and fly from zone to  
zone,

To earth's remotest pole, and, ere old Time  
Can shift one figure on his dial-plate,

Haste to the frigid Thale of mankind,

Where the scant life-drop freezes. Or go down

To Ocean's secret caverns, 'mid the throng

Of monsters without number, which no foot

Of man hath visited, and yet returned

To walk among the living. Or the shroud

Of midnight wrap around thee, dense and deep,

Bidding thy spirit slumber.

Hop'st thou thus

To 'scape the Almighty, to whose piercing eye

Morn's robe and midnight's vestments are the  
same?

Spirit of truth!—why should we seek to hide

Motive or deed from thee?—why strive to walk

In a vain show before our fellow-men?

Since at the same dread audit each must stand,

And with a sun-ray read his brother's breast  
While his own thoughts are weighed?

Search thou my soul!

And, if aught evil lurks securely ~~there~~  
Like Achan's stolen hoard, command it thence,  
And hold me up in singleness of heart,  
And simple, child-like confidence in Thee,  
Till time shall close his labyrinth, and ope  
Eternity's broad gate.

## THE INDIAN'S WELCOME TO THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

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“On Friday, March 16th, 1622, while the colonists were busied in their usual labors, they were much surprised to see a savage walk boldly towards them, and salute them with, ‘much welcome, English, much welcome, Englishmen.’”

---

Above them spread a stranger sky  
Around, the sterile plain,  
The rock-bound coast rose frowning nigh,  
Beyond,—the wrathful main :  
Chill remnants of the wintry snow  
Still chok'd the encumber'd soil,  
Yet forth those Pilgrim Fathers go,  
To mark their future toil.

'Mid yonder vale their corn must rise  
In summer's ripening pride,  
And there the church-spire woo the skies  
Its sister-school beside.

Perchance 'mid England's velvet green  
 Some tender thought repos'd,—  
 Though nought upon their stoic mien  
 Such soft regret disclos'd.

When sudden from the forest wide  
 A red-brow'd chieftain came,  
 With towering form, and haughty stride,  
 And eye like kindling flame :  
 No wrath he breath'd, no conflict sought,  
 To no dark ambush drew,  
 But simply to *the Old World* brought,  
*The welcome of the New.*

That *welcome* was a blast and ban  
 Upon thy race unborn.  
 Was there no seer, thou fated Man !  
 Thy lavish zeal to warn ?  
 Thou in thy fearless faith didst hail  
 A weak, invading band,  
 But who shall heed thy children's wail,  
 Swept from their native land ?

Thou gav'st the riches of thy streams,  
 The lordship o'er thy waves,  
 The region of thine infant dreams,  
 And of thy father's graves,  
 But who to yon proud mansions pil'd  
 With wealth of earth and sea,  
 Poor outcast from thy forest wild,  
*Say, who shall welcome thee ?*

## BIRTH-DAY OF THE FIRST-BORN.

---

THY first-born's birth-day, Mother!  
 That well-remember'd time  
 Returneth, when thy heart's deep joy  
 Swell'd to its highest prime.

Thou hast another treasure,  
 There in the cradle-shrine,  
 And she who near its pillow plays,  
 With cheek so fair, is thine.

But still, thy brow is shaded,  
 The fresh tear trickleth free,  
 Where is that first-born darling?  
 Young Mother, where is she?

And, if she be in heaven,  
 She, who with goodness fraught,  
 So early on her Father-God  
 Repos'd her trusting thought,

And, if she be in heaven,  
 The honour how divine,  
 To yield an angel to his arms  
 Who gave a babe to thine.

## THE HALF-CENTURY SERMON.

Look back, look back, ye grey-hair'd worship-  
 pers,  
 Who to this hill-top *fifty years ago*  
 Came up with solemn joy. Withdraw the folds  
 Which curtaining time hath gather'd o'er the  
 scene,  
 And show its colouring. The dark cloud of  
 war  
 Faded to fitful sun-light,—on the ear,  
 The rumour of red battle died away,  
 And there was Peace in Zion. So a throng  
 O'er a faint carpet of the spring's first green  
 Were seen in glad procession hasting on,  
 To set a watchman on these sacred walls.  
 Each eye upon his consecrated brow  
 Was fondly fix'd, for in its pallid hue,  
 In its deep, thought-worn, spiritual lines,  
 They trac'd the mission of the crucified,  
 The hope of Israel. High the anthem swell'd,  
 Ascribing glory to the Lord of Hosts,  
 Who in his bounteous goodness thus vouchsaf'd  
 To beautify his temple.



The same strain

Riseth once more; but where are they who  
pour'd

Its tones melodious, on that festal day?

Young men and maidens of the tuneful lip,

The bright in beauty, and the proud in strength,

With bosoms fluttering to illusive hope,

Where are they? Can ye tell, ye hoary ones,

Who, few, and feebly leaning on the staff,

Bow down, where erst with manhood's lofty  
port

Ye tower'd as columns? They have sunk  
away,

Brethren and sisters, from your empty grasp,

Like bubbles on the pool, and ye are left,

With life's long lessons furrow'd on your brow.

Change worketh all around you. The lithe  
twig

That in your boyhood ye did idly bend

Maketh broad shadow, and the forest-king,

Arching majestic o'er your school-day sports,

Mouldereth, to sprout no more. The little babe

Ye as a plaything dandled, of whose frame

Perchance ye spake as most exceeding frail

And prone to perish like the flower of grass,

Doth nurse his children's children on his knee.

—But still your ancient shepherd's voice ye  
hear,

'Tho' age hath quell'd its power, and well those  
tones

Of serious, saintly tenderness do stir  
The springs of love and reverence, As your  
guide

He in the heavenward path hath firmly walk'd,  
Bearing your joys and sorrows in his breast,  
And on his prayers. He at your household  
hearths

Hath spoke his Master's message, while your  
babes,

Listening, imbibed as blossoms drink the dew ;  
And when your dead were buried from your  
sight,

Was he not there ?

His scatter'd locks are white  
With the hoar-frost of time, but in his soul  
There is no winter. He, the uncounted gold  
Of many a year's experience richly spreads  
To a new generation, and methinks  
With high prophetic brow doth stand sublime  
Like Moses 'tween the living and the dead,  
To make atonement. God's unclouded smile  
Sustain thee, patriarch ! like a flood of light  
Still brightening, till, with those whom thou hast  
taught

And warn'd in wisdom, and with weeping love  
Led to the brink of Calvary's cleansing stream,  
Thou strike the victor harp o'er sin and death.

## DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL BOY.



I saw thee at thy mother's side, when she was  
marble cold,

And thou wert like some cherub form, cast in  
ethereal mould ;

But, when the sudden pang of grief oppressed  
thine infant thought,

And 'mid thy clear and radiant eye a liquid  
crystal wrought,

I thought how strong that faith must be that  
breaks a mother's tie,

And bids her leave her darling's tears for other  
hands to dry.

I saw thee in thine hour of sport, beside thy  
father's bower,

Amid his broad and bright parterre, thyself the  
fairest flower,

I heard thy tuneful voice ring out upon the  
summer air,

As though some bird of Eden poured its joyous  
carol there,

And lingered with delighted gaze on happy  
 childhood's charms,  
 Which once the blest Redeemer loved, and  
 folded in his arms.

I saw thee scan the classic page, with high and  
 glad surprise,  
 And saw the sun of science beam, as on an  
 eaglet's eyes,  
 And marked thy strong and brilliant mind  
 arouse to bold pursuit,  
 And from the tree of knowledge pluck its  
 richest, rarest fruit ;  
 Yet still from such precocious power I shrank,  
 with secret fear,  
 A shuddering presage that thy race must soon  
 be ended here.

I saw thee in the house of God, and loved the  
 reverent air  
 With which thy beauteous head was bowed low  
 in thy guileless prayer,  
 Yet little deemed how soon thy place would be  
 with that blest band  
 Who ever near the Eternal Throne, in sinless  
 worship, stand ;  
 Ah, little deemed how soon the tomb must lock  
 thy glorious charms,  
 And wing thine ardent soul to find a sainted  
 mother's arms.

## FOREIGN MISSIONS.



UP, at the Gospel's glorious call!  
 Country and kindred what are they?  
 Bend from thy heart, these charmers, *all*,  
 Christ needs thy service, hence away.

Tho' free the parting tear may rise,  
 Tho' high may roll the boisterous wave,  
 Go, find thy home 'neath foreign skies,  
 And shroud thee in a stranger's grave.

Perchance, the Hindoo's languid child,  
 The infant at the Burman's knee,  
 The shiverer in the arctic wild,  
 Shall bless the Eternal Sire for thee.

And what hath Earth compar'd to this?  
 Knows she of wealth or joy like thine?  
 The ransom'd heathen's heavenly bliss,  
 The plaudit of the Judge divine?

## EVENING THOUGHTS.

COME to thy lonely bower, thou who dost love  
 The hour of musing. Come, before the brow  
 Of twilight darkens, or the solemn stars  
 Look from their casement. 'Mid that hush of  
 soul,

Music from viewless harps shall visit thee,  
 Such as thou never heard'st amid the din  
 Of earth's coarse enginery, by toil and care  
 Urged on, without reprieve. Ah! kneel and  
 catch

That tuneful cadence. It shall wing thy thought  
 Above the jarrings of this time-worn world,  
 And give the key-tone of that victor-song  
 Which plucks the sting from death.

How closely wrapt  
 In quiet slumber are all things around!  
 The vine-leaf and the willow-fringe stir not,  
 Nor doth the chirping of the feeblest bird,  
 Nor even the cold glance of the vestal moon,  
 Disturb thy reverie. Yet dost thou think  
 To be alone?—In fellowship more close

Than man with man, pure spirits hover near,  
Prompting to high communion with the Source  
Of every perfect gift. Lift up the soul,  
For 'tis a holy pleasure thus to find  
Its melody of musing so allied  
To pure devotion. Give thy prayer a voice,  
Claiming Heaven's blessing on these sacred  
hours,  
Which, in the world's warped balance weighed,  
might yield  
But sharp derision. Sure they help to weave  
Such robes as angels wear ; and thou shalt taste  
In their dear, deep, entrancing solitude  
Such sweet society, that thou shalt leave  
" Signet and staff," as pledges of return.

## THE AFRICAN MOTHER AT HER DAUGHTER'S GRAVE.

---

Some of the pagan Africans visit the burial-places of their departed relatives, bearing food and drink ;— and mothers have been known, for a long course of years, to bring, in an agony of grief, their annual oblation to the tombs of their children.

---

“ DAUGHTER ! I bring thee food ;  
 The rice-cake, pure and white,  
 The cocoa, with its milky blood,  
 Dates, and pomegranates bright,  
 The orange, in its gold,  
 Fresh from thy favourite tree,  
 Nuts, in their ripe and husky fold,  
 Dearest ! I spread for thee.

“ Year after year, I tread  
 Thus to thy low retreat,—  
 But now the snow-hairs mark my head,  
 And age enchains my feet.



O ! many a change of woe  
Hath dimmed thy spot of birth,  
Since first my gushing tears did flow  
O'er this thy bed of earth.

“ There came a midnight cry ;  
Flames from our hamlet rose ;  
A race of pale-browed men were nigh,—  
They were our country's foes :  
Thy wounded sire was borne  
By tyrant force away,  
Thy brothers from our cabin torn,  
While in my blood I lay.

“ I watched for their return,  
Upon the rocky shore,  
Till night's red planets ceased to burn,  
And the long rains were o'er.  
Fill seeds, their hands had sown,  
A ripened fruitage bore,  
The billows echoed to my moan,  
Yet they returned no more.

“ But thou art slumbering deep,—  
And to my wildest cry,  
When, pierced with agony, I weep,  
Dost render no reply.  
Daughter ! my youthful pride,  
The idol of my eye ;—

Why didst thou leave thy mother's side,  
Beneath these sands to lie ?”

Long o'er the hopeless grave  
Where her lost darling slept,  
Invoking gods that could not save,  
That pagan mourner wept.  
O ! for some voice of power,  
To soothe her bursting sighs :—  
“ There is a resurrection hour ;  
Thy daughter's dust shall rise !”

Christians ! ye hear the cry .  
From heathen Afric's strand,—  
Haste ! lift salvation's banner high  
O'er that benighted land :  
With faith that claims the skies,  
Her misery control,  
And plant the hope that never dies  
Deep in her tear-wet soul.

## TO MOURNING PARENTS.

---

TENDER guides, in sorrow weeping,  
 O'er your first-born's smitten bloom,  
 Or fond memory's vigil keeping  
 Where the fresh turf marks her tomb,  
 Ye no more shall see her bearing  
 Pangs that woke the dove-like moan,  
 Still for your affliction caring,  
 Though forgetful of her own.  
 Ere the bitter cup she tasted,  
 Which the hand of care doth bring,  
 Ere the glittering pearls were wasted,  
 From glad childhood's fairy string,  
 Ere one chain of hope had rested,  
 Ere one wreath of joy was dead,  
 To the Saviour, whom she trusted,  
 Strong in faith, her spirit fled.  
 Gone—where no dark sin is cherished,  
 Where no woes nor fears invade,  
 Gone—ere youth's first flower had perished,  
 To a youth that ne'er can fade.

## SAILOR'S FUNERAL.

THE ship's bell tolled, and slowly o'er the deck  
 Came forth the summoned crew.—Bold, hardy  
 men,

Far from their native skies, stood silent there,  
 With melancholy brows. From a low cloud  
 That o'er the horizon hovered, came the threat  
 Of distant, muttered thunder. Broken waves  
 Heaved up their sharp white helmets o'er the  
 expanse

Of ocean, which in brooding stillness lay,  
 Like some vindictive king who meditates  
 On hearded wrongs, or wakes the wrathful war.

The ship's bell tolled!—And, lo, a youthful  
 form

Which oft had boldly dared the slippery shrouds  
 At midnight watch, was as a burden laid  
 Down at his comrades' feet. Mournful they  
 gazed

Upon his hollow cheek; and some there were  
 Who in that bitter hour remembered well  
 The parting blessing of his hoary sire,

And the fond tears that o'er his mother's cheek  
Went coursing down, when his gay, happy  
voice

Left its farewell. But one who nearest stood  
To that pale shrouded corse remembered  
more ;—

Of a white cottage with its shaven lawn,  
And blossomed hedge, and of a fair-haired girl  
Who, at a lattice veiled with woodbine, watched  
His last far step, and then turned back to weep.  
And close that comrade in his faithful breast  
Hid a bright chesnut lock, which the dead youth  
Had severed with a cold and trembling hand  
In life's extremity, and bade him bear  
With broken words of love's last eloquence  
To his blest Mary. Now that chosen friend,  
Bowed low his sun-burnt face, and like a child  
Sobbed in deep sorrow.

But there came a tone,  
Clear as the breaking moon o'er stormy seas—  
“I am the resurrection.”—Every heart  
Suppressed its grief, and every eye was raised.  
There stood the chaplain, his uncovered brow  
Unmarked by earthly passion, while his voice,  
Rich as the balm from plants of paradise,  
Poured the Eternal's message o'er the souls  
Of dying men. It was a holy hour!

There was a plunge!—The riven sea com-  
plained,

Death from her briny bosom took his own.  
The troubled fountains of the deep lift up  
Their subterranean portals, and he went  
Down to the floor of ocean, 'mid the beds  
Of brave and beautiful ones. Yet to my soul,  
'Mid all the funeral pomp with which this earth  
Indulgeth her dead sons, was nought so sad,  
Sublime, or sorrowful, as the mute sea  
Opening her mouth to whelm that sailor youth.

## CHRISTIAN HOPE.

—◆—

**“If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are from above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above; for ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.”—ST. PAUL.**

—◆—

**If with the Lord your hope doth rest,  
With Christ who reigns above,  
Loose from its bonds your captive breast,  
And heavenward point its love.**

**Yes, heavenward. Ye're of holy birth,  
Bid your affections soar  
Above the vain delights of earth,  
Which, fading, bloom no more.**

**Seek ye some pure and thornless rose?  
Some friend with changeless eye?  
Some fount whence living water flows?  
Go, seek those things on high.**

Thither bid Hope a pilgrim go,  
And Faith her mansion rear,  
Even while amid this world of woe  
Ye shed the stranger's tear.

If folly tempts, or sin allures,  
Be deaf to all their art,  
So, shall eternal life be yours  
When time's brief years depart.



## LADY JANE GREY.

ON SEEING A PICTURE REPRESENTING HER EN-  
GAGED IN THE STUDY OF PLATO.



So early wise ! Beauty hath been to thee  
No traitor-friend to steal the key  
Of knowledge from thy mind,  
Making thee gorgeous to the eye,  
Flaunting and flushed with vanity,  
Yet inly blind.

Hark ! the hunting-bugle sounds,  
Thy father's park is gay,  
Stately nobles cheer the hounds,  
Soft hands the coursers sway,  
Haste to the sport, away ! away !  
Youth, and mirth, and love, are there,  
Lingerest thou, fairest of the fair,  
In thy lone chamber to explore  
Ancient Plato's classic lore ?

Grave Roger Ascham's gaze  
Is fix'd on thee with fond amaze ;

Doubtless the sage doth marvel deep,  
 That, for philosophy divine,  
 A lady could decline  
 The pleasure 'mid yon pageant-train to sweep,  
 The glory o'er some five-barr'd gate to leap,  
 And, in the toil of reading Greek,  
 Which many a student flies,  
 Find more entrancing rhetoric  
 Than fashion's page supplies.

Ah, sweet enthusiast! happier far for thee  
 Had'st thou thy musing intellectual joy  
 Thro' life indulg'd without alloy,  
 In solitary sanctity,—  
 Nor dar'd ambition's fearful shrift,  
 Nor laid thy shrinking hand on Edward's fatal  
 gift.

The crown! the crown! It sparkles on thy  
 brow,  
 I see Northumberland with joy elate,  
 And low thy haughty sire doth bow,  
 Honouring thy high estate,  
 She, too, the austere beautiful, whose eye  
 Check'd thy timid infancy,  
 Until thy heart's first buds folded their leaves to  
 die,  
 Homage to her meek daughter pays:  
 Yet, sooth to say, one fond embrace,  
 One kiss, such as the peasant-mother gives .

When on its evening bed her child she lays,  
Had dearer been to thee, than all their courtly  
phrase.

The tower ! the tower ! thou bright-hair'd beau-  
teous one !

There, where the captive's breath  
Hath sigh'd itself in bitterness away,  
Where iron nerves have withered one by one,  
And the sick eye, shut from the glorious sun,  
Grop'd mid those chilling walls till idiocy  
Made life like death,—  
There must thy resting be ?

Not long ! Not long ! What savage band  
'Neath thy grated window bears  
His headless form, his lifeless hand  
The magic of whose love could charm  
away thy cares ?  
Guildford ! thy husband ! yet the gushing tear  
Scarce flows to mourn his fate severe,  
Thy pious thought doth rise  
To those unclouded skies,  
Where he, amid the angel train,  
Doth for thy coming wait, to part no more again.

The scaffold ! Must it be !—~~Storn~~ England's  
Queen,  
Hast thou such doom decreed ?  
Dwells Draco's soul beneath a woman's mein ?

Must guileless youth and peerless beauty  
bleed ?

Away ! Away ! I will not see the deed !  
Fresh drops of crimson stain the new-fall'n  
snow,

The wintry winds wail fitfully and low ;—

But the meek victim is not there,

Far from this troubled scene,

High o'er the tyrant queen,

She finds that crown which from her brow

No envious hand may tear.

## DEATH OF A MISSIONARY IN AFRICA.

—◆—

**THERE** is a sigh from Niger's sable realm,  
A voice of Afric's weeping. One hath fallen,  
Who, with the fervour of unresting love,  
Allur'd her children to a Saviour's arms.

Alone he fell,—that heart so richly fill'd  
With all affection's brightest imagery,  
In its drear stranger-solitude endured  
The long death-struggle, and sank down to rest

Say ye, ~~alone~~ he fell? It was not so,  
There was a hovering of celestial wings  
Around his lowly couch, a solemn sound  
Of stricken harps, such as around God's throne  
Make music night and day. He might not tell  
Of that high music, for his lips were sealed,  
And his eye closed. And so, ye say,—*he died?*  
But all the glorious company of heaven  
Do say,—*he lives*, and that your brief farewell,  
Uttered in tears, was but the prelude tone  
Of the full welcome of eternity.

## DIRGE.

—◆—  
 "Mourn for the *living*, and not for the *dead*."  
 HEBREW DIRGE.

—◆—  
 I SAW an infant, marble cold,  
 Borne from the pillowing breast,  
 And, in the shroud's embracing fold,  
 Laid down to dreamless rest ;  
 And, moved with bitterness, I sighed,—  
 Not for the babe that slept,  
 But for the mother at its side,  
 Whose soul in anguish wept.

They bore a coffin to its place,  
 I asked them, "Who was there?"  
 And they replied, "A form of grace ;  
 The fairest of the fair."  
 But for that blest one do ye moan,  
 Whose angel-wing is spread?  
 No ; for the lover, pale and lone,—  
 His heart is with the dead.

I wandered to a new-made grave,  
 And there a matron lay,—  
 The love of Him who died to save,  
 Had been her spirit's stay.  
 Yet sobs burst forth of torturing pain ;—  
 Wail ye for her who died ?  
 No ; for that timid, infant train,  
 Who roam without a guide.

Why should we mourn for those who die,—  
 Whose rise to glory's sphere ?  
 The tenants of that cloudless sky  
 Need not our mortal tear.  
 Our woe seems arrogant and vain ;  
 Perchance it moves their scorn,  
 As if the slave, beneath his chain,  
 Deplored the princely born.

We live to meet a thousand foes ;  
 We shrink with bleeding breast,—  
 Why should we weakly mourn for those  
 Who dwell in perfect rest ?  
 Bound, for a few sad, fleeting years,  
 A thorn-clad path to tread,  
 O ! for the living spare those tears  
 Ye lavish on the dead.

## VÆ VOBIS.\*



" *Væ Vobis*," ye whose lip doth lave  
 So deeply in the sparkling wine,  
 Regardless though that passion-wave  
 Shut from the soul, Heaven's light divine,  
 " *Væ Vobis*,"—heed the trumpet-blast,  
 Fly!—ere the leprous taint is deep,  
 Fly!—ere the hour of hope be past,  
 And pitying angels cease to weep.

" *Væ Vobis*,"—ye who fail to read  
 The name that shines where'er ye tread,  
 The Alpha of our infant creed,  
 The Omega of the sainted dead :  
 It glows where'er the pencil'd flowers  
 Their tablet to the desert show,  
 Where'er the mountain's rocky towers  
 Frown darkly o'er the vale below :

Where roll the wondrous orbs on high,  
 In glorious order, strong and fair,

---

\* "Woe unto you."



In every letter of the sky

That midnight writes,—'tis there! 'tis there!

'Tis grav'd on ocean's wrinkled brow,

And on the shell that gems its shore,

And where the solemn forests bow,

"*Væ Vobis*," ye, who scorn the lore.

"*Væ Vobis*" all who trust in earth,

Who lean on reeds that pierce the breast,

Who toss the bubble-cup of mirth,

Or grasp ambition's storm-wreath'd crest:

Who early rise, and late take rest,

In Mammon's mine, the care-worn slave,

Who find each phantom-race unblest,

Yet shrink reluctant from the grave.

## BOY'S LAST BEQUEST.



HALF-RAISED upon his dying couch, his head  
 Drooped o'er his mother's bosom,—like a bud  
 Which, broken from its parent stalk, adheres  
 By some attenuate fibre. His thin hand  
 From 'neath the downy pillow drew a book,  
 And slowly pressed it to his bloodless lip.

“Mother, dear mother, see your birth-day  
 gift,  
 Fresh and unsoiled. Yet have I kept your  
 word,  
 And ere I slept each night, and every morn,  
 Did read its pages, with my humble prayer,  
 Until this sickness came.”

He paused—for breath  
 Came scantily, and with a toilsome strife.

“Brother or sister have I none, or else  
 I'd lay this Bible on their hearts, and say,  
 Come, read it on my grave, among the flowers:  
 So you who gave it must take it back again,  
 And love it for my sake.” “My son!—my  
 son,”

Murmured the mourner, in that tender tone  
Which woman, in her sternest agony  
Commands, to soothe the pang of those she  
loves,

“The soul! the soul!—to whose charge yield  
you that?”

“Mother,—to God who gave it.”

So, that soul  
With a slight shudder and a lingering smile  
Left the pale clay for its Creator's arms.

"HINDER THEM NOT."

---

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." But you hinder them by your example, and by not encouraging them. Their course ought to be upward:—do not hinder them."

REV. MR. TAYLOR, *of the Seamen's Chapel, Boston.*

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Lock'd in the bosom of the earth  
 The little seed its heart doth stir,  
 And quickening for its mystic birth,  
 Burst from its cleaving sepulchre,  
 The aspiring head, the unfolding leaf,  
 Exulting in their joyous lot,  
 Turn grateful towards the Eye of Day,  
 Hinder them not.

Thus, do the buds of being rise  
 From cradle-dreams, like snow-drop meek,  
 While through their mind-illumin'd eyes  
 A deathless principle doth speak,

Already toward a brighter sphere  
They turn, from this terrestrial spot,—  
Fond parents!—florists kind and dear!  
Hinder them not.

Hinder them not!—even Love may spare  
In blindness many a wayward shoot,—  
Or weakly let the usurping tare  
Divert the health-stream from their root,  
Oh! by that negligence supine,  
Which oft the fairest page doth blot,  
And shroud the ray of light divine,  
Hinder them not.

Cold world!—the teachings of thy guile  
Awhile from these young hearts restrain;  
Oh spare that unsuspecting smile  
Which never must return again;  
By folly's wile, by falsehood's kiss  
Too soon acquir'd, too late forgot,  
By sins that shut the soul from bliss,  
Hinder them not.

MORAVIAN MISSIONS TO GREEN  
LAND.



**W**HY steers yon bold adventurous prow  
On toward the arctic zone,  
Defying blasts that rudely seal  
To Ocean's breast like stone ?  
Why dare her crew those fearful seas  
Where icy mountains dash,  
And make the proudest ship a wreck  
With one tremendous crash ?

*They come*, who seek the spirit's gold,  
They dare yon dreary sphere,  
And winter startles on his throne,  
Their strain of praise to hear :  
They come, Salvation's lamp to light  
Where frost and darkness reign,  
And with a deathless joy to cheer  
The sons of want and pain.

And lo! the chapel rears its head  
Beneath those stranger-skies,

And to the sweet-ton'd Sabbath-bell  
 The thick-ribb'd ice replies.  
 The unletter'd Esquimaux doth pluck  
 The victory from the tomb,  
 And grateful seek that glorious clime  
 Where flowers forever bloom.

When the last tinge of green departs,  
 The last bird takes its flight,  
 And the far sun no beam bestows  
 On that long polar night,  
 When in her subterranean cell  
 To shun the tempest's ire,  
 Life shrinking guards her pallid flame  
 That feebly lifts its spire,

The teachers of a love divine,  
 That firm, devoted band,  
 With no weak sigh of fond regret  
 Recall their father-land,  
 The unchanging smile that lights their brow,  
 While storms of Winter roar,  
 Doth better prove their heaven-born Faith  
 Than Learning's loftiest lore.

## PAUL AT ATHENS.

COME to the hill of Mars—for he is there  
 That wondrous man whose eloquence doth  
 touch  
 The heart like living flame. With brow un-  
 blanch'd  
 And eye of fearless ardour, he confronts,  
 That high tribunal with its pen of flint,  
 Whose irreversible decree, made pale  
 The Gentile world. All Athens gathers near,  
 Fickle, and warm of heart, and fond of change,  
 And full of strangers, and of those who pass  
 Life in the idle toil to hear, or tell,  
 Of some new thing. See, thither throng the  
 bands  
 Of Epicurus, wrapt in gorgeous robe,  
 Who seem with bright and eager eyes to ask  
 “What will this babbler say?”—With front  
 austere,  
 Stand a dark group of Stoics, sternly proud—  
 And predetermined to confute; yet still  
 'Neath the deep wrinkles of their settled brow,



Lurks some unwonted gathering of their powers  
 As for no common foe. With angry frown  
 Stalk the fierce Cynics, anxious to condemn,  
 And prompt to punish, while the patient sons  
 Of gentle Plato bow the listening soul  
 To search for wisdom, and with reason's art  
 Build the fair argument. Behold the throngs  
 Press on the speaker, drawing still more close  
 In denser circles, as his thrilling tones  
 Teach of the God who "warneth everywhere  
 Men to repent," and of that fearful day  
 When He shall judge the world. Loud tumult  
 wakes,

The tide of strong emotion hoarsely swells,  
 And that blest voice is silent. They have  
 mocked

At Heaven's high messenger, and he departs  
 From the mad circle. But his graceful hand  
 Points to an altar, with its mystic scroll—  
 "The Unknown God."—Oh! Athens! is it so?  
 Thou who hast crowned thyself with woven  
 rays

As a divinity, and called the world  
 Thy pilgrim-worshipper, dost thou confess  
 Such ignorance and shame?

The Unknown God!

Why, all thy hillocks and resounding streams  
 Do boast their deity, and every house,  
 Yea, every beating heart within thy walls,  
 May choose its temple and its priestly train,

Victim and garland, and appointed rite ;  
 Thou makest the gods of every realm thine own,  
 Fostering, with frantic hospitality,  
 All forms of idol-worship. Can it be  
 That still thou found'st not Him who is so near  
 To every one of us, in "whom we live,  
 And move, and have our being?" Found not  
 Him  
 Of whom thy poets spake with childlike awe ?

And thou, philosophy, whose art, refined,  
 Did aim to pierce the labyrinth of fate,  
 And compass with a fine-spun sophist web  
 This mighty universe—didst thou fall short  
 Of the Upholding Cause ?—

The Unknown God ?

Thou who didst smile to find the admiring  
 world

Crouch as a pupil to thee, wert thou blind ?—  
 Blinder than he who, in his humble cot,  
 With hardened hand, his daily labour done,  
 Turneth the page of Jesus and doth read,  
 With toil, perchance, that the trim schoolboy  
 scorns,

Counting him, in his arrogance, a fool ?  
 Yet shall the poor, wayfaring man lie down  
 With such a hope as thou could'st never teach  
 Thy king-like sages—yea, a hope that plucks  
 The sting from death, the victory from the grave.

## THE MUFFLED KNOCKER.

GRIEF! Grief! 'tis thy symbol, so mute and drear,  
 Yet it hath a tale for the listening ear,  
 Of the nurse's care, and the curtain'd bed,  
 Of the baffled healer's cautious tread;  
 And the midnight lamp, with its flickering light  
 Half screen'd from the restless sufferer's sight;  
 Yes, many a sable scene of woe,  
 Both that muffled knocker's tablet show.

Pain! Pain! art thou wrestling here with man;  
 For the broken gold of his wasted span?  
 Art thou straining thy rack on his tortur'd nerve  
 Till his firmest hopes from their anchor swerve?  
 Till burning tears from his eye-balls flow,  
 And his manhood faints in a shriek of woe?  
 Methinks, thy scorpion-sting I trace,  
 Through the mist of that sullen knocker's face.

Death! Death! do I see thee with weapon  
 dread,  
 Art thou laying thy hand on yon cradle bed?

The mother is there, with her sleepless eye,  
To dispute each step of thy victory.  
She doth fold the child in her soul's embrace;  
Her prayer is, to die in her idol's place,  
She hath bared her breast to thine arrow's sway,  
But thou wilt not be bribed from that babe  
away.

Earth! Earth! thou hast stamp'd on thy scroll  
of bliss.

The faithless seal of a traitor's kiss,  
Where the bridal lamp gleam'd clear and bright,  
And the foot through the maze of the dance was  
light,

Thou biddest the black-robed weeper kneel,  
And the heavy hearse roll its lumbering wheel;  
And still to the heart that will heed its lore,  
Does Wisdom speak from yon muffled door.

## CHANGES.

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THE vines are wither'd, O, my love,  
 That erst we taught to tower,  
 And in a mesh of fragrance wove,  
 Around our summer-bower.

The ivy on the ancient wall  
 Doth in its budding fade ;  
 The stream is dry, whose gentle fall  
 A lulling murmur made,

The tangled weeds have chok'd the flowers ;  
 The trees, so lately bright,  
 In all the pomp of vernal hours  
 Reveal a blackening blight ;

There is a sigh upon the gale  
 That doth the willow sway,  
 A murmur from the blossoms pale,  
 " Arise, and come away."

So, when this life in clouds shall hide  
 Its garland fair and brief,

And every promise of its pride  
Must wear the frosted leaf ;

Then may the undying soul attain  
That heritage sublime,  
Where comes no pang of parting pain,  
Nor change of hoary time.

ON READING THE MEMOIRS OF  
MRS. JUDSON.

I SAW her on the strand. Beside her smil'd  
The land of birth, and the beloved home,  
With all their pageantry of tint and shade,  
Streamlet and vale.

There stood her childhood's friends,  
Sweet sisters, who her inmost thoughts had  
shar'd,

And saint-like parents, whose example rais'd  
Those thoughts to heaven. It was a strong  
array,

And the fond heart clung to its rooted loves.  
But Christ had given a panoply, which earth  
Might never take away. And so she turn'd  
To boisterous ocean, and with cheerful step,  
Though moisten'd eye, forsook the cherish'd  
clime

Whose halcyon bowers had rear'd her joyous  
youth.

—I look'd again. It was a foreign shore.  
The tropic sun had laid his burning brow

On twilight's lap. A gorgeous palace caught  
 His last red ray. Hoarsely the idol-song  
 To Boodh mingled with the breeze that curl'd  
 Broad Irrawaddy's tide. Why do ye point  
 To yon low prison? Who is he that gropes  
 Amid its darkness, with those fetter'd limbs?  
 Mad Pagans! do ye *thus* requite the man  
 Who toils for your salvation?

See that form  
 Bending in tenderest sympathy to soothe  
 The victim's sorrow. Tardy months pass by,  
 And find her still intrepid at the post  
 Of danger and of disappointed hope.  
 Stern sickness smote her, yet, with tireless zeal,  
 She bore the hoarded morsel to her love,  
 Dar'd the rude arrogance of savage power,  
 To plead for him, and bade his dungeon glow,  
 With her fair brow, as erst the angel's smile  
 Arous'd imprison'd Peter, when his hands,  
 From fetters loos'd, were lifted high in praise.

—There was another scene, drawn by *his*  
 hand

Whose icy pencil blotteth out the grace  
 And loveliness of man. The keenest shaft  
 Of anguish quivers in that martyr's breast,  
 Who is about to wash her garments white  
 In a Redeemer's blood, and glorious rise  
 From earthly sorrows to a clime of rest.  
 —Dark Burman faces are around her bed,



And one pale babe is there, for whom she checks  
The death-groan, clasping it in close embrace,  
Even till the heart-strings break.

Behold he comes!

The wearied man of God from distant toil.  
His home, while yet a misty speck it seems,  
His straining eye detects, but marks no form  
Of his most lov'd one, hasting down the vale  
As wont, to meet him.

Say, what heathen lip  
In its strange accents told him, that on earth  
Nought now remain'd to heal his wounded heart,  
Save that lone famish'd infant? Days of care,  
Were meted to him, and long nights of grief  
Weigh'd out, and then that little, wailing one,  
Went to her mother's bosom, and slept sweet  
\*Neath the cool branches of the hopia-tree.  
'Twas bitterness to think that bird-like voice,  
Which sang sweet hymns to please a father's  
ear,  
Must breathe no more.

This is to be alone,  
Alone in this wide world.

Yet not without  
A comforter. For the true heart that trusts  
Its all to Heaven, and sees its treasur'd things  
Unfold their hidden wing, and thither soar,  
Doth find itself drawn upward in their flight.

TRIBUTE  
TO THE REV. DR. CORNELIUS.



“All ye that were about him, bemoan him, and all ye that know his name, say, how is the strong staff broken,—and the beautiful rod?”—THE PROPHET JEREMIAH.



AND can it be,—and *can it be*, that thou art on  
thy bier?  
But yesterday in all the prime of life's unspent  
career!  
I've seen the forest's noblest tree laid low, when  
lightnings shine,  
The column in its majesty torn from the temple-  
shrine,  
Yet little deem'd that ice so soon would check  
thy vital stream,  
Or the sun that soar'd without a cloud thus veil  
its noon-day beam.

I've seen thee in thy glory stand, while all  
 around was hush'd,  
 And seraph-wisdom from thy lips in tones of  
 music gush'd,  
 For thou with willing hand didst lay, at morn-  
 ing's dewy hour,  
 Upon the altar of thy God thy beauty and thy  
 power,  
 Thou, for the helpless sons of woe, didst plead  
 with words of flame,  
 And boldly strike the rocky heart in thy Re-  
 deemer's name.

And, lo! that withering race who fade as dew  
 'neath summer's ray,  
 Who, like uprooted weeds, are cast from their  
 own earth away,  
 Who trusted to a nation's vow, yet found that  
 faith was vain,  
 And to their fathers' sepulchres return no more  
 again;  
 They need thy blended eloquence of lip, and  
 eye, and brow,  
 They need the righteous for a shield; *why art  
 thou absent now?*

Long shall thine image freshly dwell beside their  
 native streams,  
 And, 'mid their wanderings far and wide, illum-  
 e their alien dreams,

For Heaven to their sequester'd haunts thine  
 early steps did guide,  
 And the Cherokee hath heard thy prayer his  
 cabin-hearth beside,  
 The Osage orphan sadly breath'd her sorrows  
 to thine ear,  
 And the stern warrior knelt him down with  
 strange repentant tear.

I see a consecrated throng of youthful watchmen  
 rise,  
 Each girding on for Zion's sake their heaven-  
 wrought panoplies ;  
 These, in their solitudes obscure, thy generous  
 ardour sought,  
 And gathering with a tireless hand, up to the  
 temple brought,  
 These, while the altar of their God they serve  
 with hallow'd zeal,  
 Shall wear thy memory on their heart, an ever-  
 lasting seal.

I hear a voice of wailing from the islands of the  
 sea,  
 Salvation's distant heralds mourn on heathen  
 shores for thee ;  
 Thy constant love, like Gilead's balm refresh'd  
 their weary mind,  
 And with the blessed Evar't's name thine own  
 was strongly twin'd,

But thou, from this illusive scene, hast like a  
vision fled,  
Just wrapp'd his mantle o'er thy breast, then  
join'd him with the dead.

Farewell! we yield thee to the tomb, with many  
a bitter tear,  
Tho' 'twas not meet a soul like thine should  
longer tarry here,  
Fond, clustering hopes have sunk with thee,  
that earth can ne'er restore,  
Love casts a garland on thy turf, that may not  
blossom more;  
But thou art where each dream of hope shall in  
fruition fade,  
And love, immortal and refin'd, glow on with-  
out a shade.

## CHARITY · HYMN.



WIDOW ! long estrang'd from gladness,  
 In thy cell so lonely made,  
 Where chill Penury's cloud of sadness  
 Adds to grief a sterner shade,  
 Look ! the searching eye hath found thee,  
 Pitying hearts confess thy claim,  
 Bounteous spirits shed around thee  
 Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Orphan ! in dependence weeping,  
 Crush'd by want and misery dire,  
 Or on lowly pallet sleeping,  
 Dreaming of thy buried sire,  
 Hands like his, combine to rear thee,  
 Stranger-arms are round thee cast,  
 And a Father ever near thee,  
 Fits the shorn lamb to the blast.

Brethren ! by the precious token  
 Which the sons of mercy wear,  
 By the vows we here have spoken,  
 Grav'd in truth, and seal'd with prayer,

Penury's pathway we will brighten,  
Misery with compassion meet,  
And the heart of sorrow lighten,  
Till our own shall cease to beat.

PICTURE OF A SLEEPING INFANT  
WATCHED BY A DOG.

SWEET are thy slumbers, baby. Gentle gales  
Do lift the curtaining foliage o'er thy head,  
And nested birds sing lullaby; and flowers  
That form the living broidery of thy couch  
Shed fresh perfumè.

He, too, whose guardian eye  
Pondereth thy features with such true delight,  
And faithful semblance of parental care,  
Counting his master's darling as his own,  
Should aught upon thy helpless rest intrude,  
Would show a lion's wrath.

And when she comes,  
Thy peasant-mother, from her weary toil,  
Thy shout will cheer her, and thy little arms  
Entwine her sunburnt neck, with joy as full  
As infancy can feel. They who recline  
In luxury's proud cradle, lulled with strains  
Of warbling lute, and watched by hireling eyes,  
And wrapt in golden tissue, share, perchance,  
No sleep so sweet as thine.



Is it not thus  
With us, the larger children?    Gorgeous robes,  
And all the proud appliances of wealth,  
Touch not the heart's content ; but he is blest,  
Though clad in humble garb, who peaceful  
    greet  
The smile of nature, with a soul of love.

## ON RETURNING FROM CHURCH.

THE listening ear the hallow'd strain  
 Has caught from lips devoutly wise,  
 But what my heart has been *thy* gain  
 From all these precepts of the skies ?

Contrition's lesson have they taught ?  
 The oft-forgotten vow renew'd ?  
 Or gently touch'd thy glowing thought  
 With the blest warmth of gratitude ?

Say, from the low delights of time  
 Thy best affections have they won ?  
 Inciting thee with zeal sublime  
 Earth's fleeting pilgrimage to run ?

If not, how vain the band to join  
 Who toward the house of God repair,  
 To pour the song of praise divine  
 Or kneel in pharasaic prayer ;

And ah ! how vain when Death's cold hand  
 Shall sternly reap time's ripen'd field,  
 How *worse than vain* when all must stand  
 The last, the dread account to yield.

## THE BAPTISM.



'Twas near the close of that blest day, when,  
 with melodious swell,  
 To crowded mart and lonely vale, had spoke  
 the sabbath bell,  
 While on a broad, unruffled stream, with fringed  
 verdure bright,  
 The westering sunbeam richly shed a tinge of  
 crimson light.

When, lo! a solemn train appeared, by their  
 loved pastor led,  
 And sweetly rose the holy hymn, as toward that  
 stream they sped;  
 And he its cleaving, crystal breast, with graceful  
 movement trod,  
 His steadfast eye upraised, to seek communion  
 with its God.

Then, bending o'er his staff, approached that  
 willow-shaded shore,  
 A man of many weary years, with furrowed  
 temples hear;

And faintly breathed his trembling lip—"Be-  
hold, I fain would be  
Buried in baptism with my Lord, ere death should  
summon me."

With brow benign, like Him whose hand did  
wavering Peter guide,  
The pastor bore his tottering frame through that  
translucent tide,  
And plunged him 'neath the shrouding wave,  
and spake the Triune name,  
And joy upon that withered face, in wondering  
radiance came.

And then advanced a lordly form, in manhood's  
towering pride,  
Who from the gilded snares of earth had wisely  
turned aside,  
And, following in His steps who bowed to Jor-  
dan's startled wave,  
In deep humility of soul, this faithful witness  
gave.

Who next?—A fair and fragile form, in snowy  
robe doth move,  
That tender beauty in her eye that wakes the  
vow of love—  
Yea come, thou gentle one, and arm thy soul  
with strength divine,  
This stern world hath a thousand darts to vex a  
breast like thine.

Beneath its smile a traitor's kiss is oft in darkness bound—

Chase to that Comforter who holds a balm for every wound ;

Propitiate that Protector's care who never will forsake,

And thou shalt strike the harp of praise, even when thy heart-strings break.

Then, with a firm, unshrinking step, the watery path she trod,

And gave, with woman's deathless trust, her being to her God ;

And when all drooping from the flood she rose, like lily-stem,

Methought that spotless brow might wear an angel's diadem.

Yet more ! Yet more !—How meek they bow to their Redeemer's rite,

Then pass with music on their way, like joyous sons of light ;

Yet lingering on those shores I staid, till every sound was hush'd,

For hallow'd musings o'er my soul, like spring-swollen rivers rush'd.

'Tis better, said the voice within, to bear a Christian's cross,

Than sell this fleeting life for gold, which death shall prove but dross.

Far better when yon shrivell'd skies are like a  
banner furl'd,  
To share in Christ's reproach, than gain the  
glory of the world.

DEATH OF THE WIFE OF A  
CLERGYMAN,

DURING THE SICKNESS OF HER HUSBAND.

DARK SORROW brooded e'er the pastor's home,  
The prayer was silent, and the loving group  
That sang their hymn of praise at even and  
morn

Now droop'd in pain,—or with a noiseless step  
Tended the sick. It was a time of woe:  
Days measur'd out in anguish, and drear nights  
Mocking the eye that waited for the dawn.

They who from youth, by hallow'd vows con-  
join'd,  
Had borne life's burdens with united arm,  
And, side by side, its adverse fortunes foil'd  
*Apart*,—an agonizing warfare wag'd  
With nature's stern destroyer. Tidings pass'd  
From couch to couch,—how stood the doubtful  
strife  
'Twixt life and death. They might not lay their  
hand

Upon each other's throbbing brow,—or breathe  
The words of comfort, for disease had set  
A gulf between them.

Hark! what sound appall'd  
The suffering husband? 'Twas a mourner's  
sob  
Beside his bed.

“ My mother will not speak.—  
They say she's *dead*.”—

Art thou the messenger,  
Poor, pallid boy, that the dear love which  
sooth'd

The cradle-moan, and on thro' all thy life  
Would still have clung to thee, untir'd, un-  
chang'd,—

Is blotted out for ever?—Thou dost tell  
A loss thou can'st not measure.

She,—the friend,—  
The mother, imag'd in those daughters' hearts  
First,—dearest,—best-belov'd,—who 'joy'd to  
walk

The meek companion of a man of God,—  
Hath given her hand to that destroyer's grasp  
Who rifeeth the clay-cottage,—sending forth  
The immortal habitant. Fearless, she laid  
Earth's vestments by.

And thou, whose tenderest trust  
With an unwonted confidence was seal'd  
In that cold breast so long,—lift up thy soul.  
“ She is not here,—but risen!”—Shew the faith



158 DEATH OF THE WIFE OF A CLERGYMAN.

Which thou hast preach'd to others,—by its  
power

In the dark night of trouble. Take the cross,—  
And from thy stricken heart pour freshly forth  
The spirit of thy Lord,—teaching thy flock  
To learn Jehovah's lessons,—and be still.

## CHRISTMAS HYMN.



THOU who, once an infant stranger,  
Honour'd this auspicious morn,  
Thou who, in Judea's manger,  
Wert this day of woman born,

Thou whom wondering sages offer'd  
Costly gifts, and incense sweet,  
Take our homage, humbly proffer'd,  
Grateful kneeling at thy feet.

Thou whose path a star of glory  
Gladly hasted to reveal,  
Herald of salvation's story,  
Touch our hearts with equal zeal :

Thou at whose approach was given  
Welcome from the angels' lyre,  
Teach our souls the song of heaven,  
Ere we join their tuneful choir.

## DEATH OF THE REV. GORDON HALL.

THE healer droops,—no more his skill  
 May ease the sufferer's moan,—  
 The hand that sooth'd another's pang  
 Sinks powerless 'neath its own;  
 The teacher dies;—he came to plant  
 Deep in a heathen soil,  
 The germ of everlasting life,  
 He faints amid the toil.

There was a vision of the Sea,  
 That pain'd his dying strife,  
 Why stole that vision o'er his soul  
 Thus 'mid the wreck of life?  
 A form, by holiest love endear'd,  
 There rode the billowy crest,  
 And tenderly his pallid boys  
 Were folded to her breast.

Then rose the long remember'd scenes  
 Of his far, native bowers,  
 The white-spir'd church, the mother's blyan,  
 And boyhood's clustering flowers,

And strong that country of his heart,  
 The green and glorious West,  
 Shar'd in the parting throb of love  
 That shook the dying breast.

Brief was the thought, the dream, the pang,  
 For high Devotion came,  
 And brought the martyr's speechless joy,  
 And wing'd the prayer of flame,  
 And stamp'd upon the marble face  
 Heaven's smile serenely sweet,  
 And bade the icy, quivering lip  
 The praise of God repeat.

Strange, olive brows with tears were wet,  
 As a lone grave was made,  
 And there, 'mid Asia's arid sands  
 Salvation's herald laid,  
 But bright that shroudless clay shall burst  
 From its uncoffin'd bed,  
 When the Archangel's awful trump  
 Convenes the righteous dead.

## TOMB OF ABSALOM.



Is this thy tomb, amid the mournful shades  
 Of the deep valley of Jehoshaphat,  
 Thou son of David? Kidron's gentle brook  
 Is murmuring near, as if it fain would tell  
 Thy varied history. Methinks I see  
 Thy graceful form, thy smile, thy sparkling eye,  
 The glorious beauty of thy flowing hair,  
 And that bright eloquent lip whose cunning stole  
 The hearts of all the people. Didst thou waste  
 The untold treasures of integrity,  
 The gold of conscience, for their light applause,  
 Thou fair dissembler?

Say, rememberest thou  
 When o'er yon flinty steep of Olivet  
 A sorrowing train went up? Dark frowning  
 seers,  
 Denouncing judgment on a rebel prince,  
 Pass'd sadly on; and next a crownless king,  
 Walking in sad and humbled majesty,  
 While hoary statesmen bent upon his brow  
 Indignant looks of tearful sympathy.—  
 What caused the weeping there?

Thou heard'st it not ;  
 For thou within the city's walls didst hold  
 Thy revel, brief and base. And could'st thou  
 The embattled host against thy father's life,  
 The king of Israel, and the lov'd of God ?  
 He, 'mid the evils of his changeful lot,  
 Saul's moody hatred, stern Philistia's spear,  
 His alien wanderings, and his warrior toil,  
 Found nought so bitter as the rankling thorn  
 Set, by thy madness of ingratitude,  
 Deep in his yearning soul.

What were thy thoughts  
 When in the mesh of thine own tresses snared  
 Amid the oak whose quiet verdure mocked  
 Thy misery ? Wert thou forsook by all  
 Who shared thy meteor-greatness, and con-  
 strained

To learn, in that strange solitude of agony,  
 A traitor hath no friends ?—What were thy  
 thoughts

When death, careering on the triple dart  
 Of vengeful Joab, found thee ? To thy God  
 Rose there one cry of penitence, one prayer  
 For that unmeasured mercy which can cleanse  
 Unbounded guilt ? Or turned thy stricken heart  
 Toward him who o'er thy infant graces watched  
 With tender pride, and all thy sins of youth  
 In blindfold fondness pardoned ?

Hark !—the breeze  
 That sweeps the palm-groves of Jerusalem

Bears the continuous wail, " O Absalom !—  
My son !—my son !"—

We turn us from thy tomb,—  
Usurping prince !—thy beauty and thy grace  
Have perish'd with thee !—but thy fame sur-  
vives,—

The ingrate son that pierc'd a father's heart.

DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY AT THE  
RETREAT FOR THE INSANE.



YOUTH glows upon her blossom'd cheek,  
Glad beauty in her eye,  
And fond affections pure and meek  
Her every want supply :  
Why doth her glance so wildly rove  
Some fancied foe to find ?  
What dark dregs stir her cup of love ?  
*Go ask the sickening mind !*

They bear her where with cheering smile  
The hope of healing reigns  
For those whom morbid Fancy's wile  
In torturing bond constrains ;  
Where Mercy spreads an angel-wing  
To do her Father's will ;  
And heaven-instructed, plucks the sting  
From earth's severest ill.

Yet o'er that sufferer's drooping head  
No balm of Gilead stole,



Diseas'd Imagination spread  
Dark chaos o'er the soul ;  
Tho' recollected truths sublime  
Still fed Devotion's stream,  
And beings from a sinless clime  
Blent with her broken dream.

Then came a coffin and a shroud,  
And many a bursting sigh  
With shrieks of laughter long and loud,  
From those who knew not why ;  
For she, whom Reason's fickle ray  
Oft wilder'd and distress'd  
Hush'd in unwonted slumber lay,  
A cold and dreamless rest.

Think ye of Heaven! how glorious bright  
Will break its vision clear,  
On souls that rose from earthly night  
All desolate and drear ;  
So ye who laid that stricken form  
Down to its willing sleep,  
Snatch'd like a flowret from the storm,  
*Weep not as others weep.*

## THE TOWER AT MONTEVIDEO.

—◆—

Written after visiting the beautiful summer residence of DANIEL WADSWORTH, Esq., on Talcot mountain, near Hartford, Conn., which bears the name of Montevideo.

—◆—

FULL many a year hath past away,  
 Thou rude, old Tower, so stern and grey,  
 Since first I came, enthusiast lone,  
 To worship at thy hermit throne.  
 —Tho' wintry blast, and sweeping rain  
 Have mark'd thee with their iron stain,  
 Yet freely springing at thy feet,  
 New beauties wreathe their garland sweet.  
 Young flowers the ancient wilds perfume,  
 In tangled dells, fresh roses bloom,  
 And foliage wraps with mantle deep,  
 The trap-rock ledges harsh and steep.  
 —Still spreads the lake its mirror clear,  
 The forest-warblers charm the ear,  
 The glorious prospect opens wide

Its varied page in summer's pride,  
And tasteful hands have deftly wove  
Enchantment's spell o'er vale and grove.  
Farewell old Tower! thou still shalt be  
Remember'd as a friend by me,  
Who bring'st from time's recorded track  
The buds of joy profusely back,  
And sweetly from thy turrets hoar  
The song of gratitude dost pour,  
Nor spare around my path to fling,  
Young memory's brightest blossoming.  
—When next we meet, perchance, the trace  
Of age shall tint thy tottering base,  
And I, with added plainness show  
The wrinkled lines that care bestow;  
But Nature still serene and fair,  
No thread of silver in her hair,  
No furrow'd mark on brow or cheek,  
The same rich dialect shall speak,  
With silent finger upward pointing,  
And forehead pure with Heaven's anointing,  
And smile more eloquent than speech,  
The lessons of her Sire shall teach.

## BIRTH-DAY VERSES TO A LITTLE GIRL.



I do bethink me of a feeble babe  
 To whom the gift of life did seem a toil  
 It trembled to take up, and of the care  
 That tireless nurtur'd her by night and day,  
 When it would seem as if the fainting breath  
 Must leave her bosom, and her fair blue eye  
 Sank 'neath its lids, like some crushed violet.  
 —Six winters came, and now that self-same babe  
 Wins with her needle the appointed length  
 Of her light task, and learns with patient zeal  
 The daily lesson, tracing on her map  
 All climes and regions of the peopled earth.  
 With tiny hand, she guides the writer's quill,  
 To grave those lines through which the soul  
     doth speak,  
 And pours in timid tones, the hymn at eve.  
 She from the pictur'd page, doth scan the tribes  
 That revel in the air, or cleave the flood,  
 Or roam the wild, delighting much to know  
 Their various natures, and their habits all,

From the huge elephant, to the small fly  
 That liveth but a day, yet in that day  
 Is happy, and outspreads a shining wing,  
 • Exulting in the mighty Maker's care.  
 She weeps that men should barb the monarch-  
     whale,

In his wild ocean-home, and wound the dove,  
 And snare the pigeon, hasting to its nest  
 To feed its young, and hunt the flying deer,  
 And find a pleasure in the pain he gives.  
 She tells the sweetly modulated tale  
 To her young brother, and devoutly cheers  
 At early morning, seated on his knee  
 Her hoary grandsire from the Book of God  
 Who meekly happy in his fourscore years,  
 Mourns not the dimness gathering o'er his sight,  
 But with a saintly kindness, bows him down  
 To drink from her young lip, the lore he loves.

Fond, gentle child, who like a flower that  
     hastes

To burst its sheath, hath come so quickly forth  
 A sweet companion, walking by my side,—  
 Thou, whom thy father loveth, and thy friends  
 Delight to praise, lift thy young heart to God,—  
 That whatso'er doth please him in thy life  
 He may perfect, and by his Spirit's power  
 Remove each germ of evil, that thy soul  
 When this brief discipline of time is o'er  
 May rise to praise him with an angel's song.

## FAREWELL TO THE AGED.



Rise weary spirit, to a realm of rest !  
Sorrow hath had her will of thee, and Pain,  
With a destroyer's fury prob'd thy breast,  
But thou the victory through Christ didst gain ;  
Rise free from stain.

Years wrote their history on thy furrow'd brow  
In withering lines ; and Time like ocean's  
foam  
Swept o'er the shores of hope, till thou didst  
know  
Earth's emptiness. But now no more to roam  
Pass to thy home.

Blest filial Love reserv'd its freshest wreath  
Of changeless green and blooming buds for  
thee,  
And o'er thy bosom threw its grateful breath,  
When the waste world but weeds of misery  
Spread for thine eye.

Take up the triumph-song, thou who didst bow  
So long and meekly 'neath the Chastener's  
rod,

Thou whose firm faith beheld with raptur'd glow  
The resurrection cleave the burial-sod,  
Go to thy God.

**“THY WILL BE DONE.”**

---

**WHEN** with unclouded ray  
 Shines the bright sun,  
**When** summer streamlets play,  
**And** all around is gay,  
**Then** shall the spirit say,  
 “Thy will be done?”

**No.**—**When** the flowers of love  
 Fade, one by one,  
**When** in its blasted grove  
**The** shuddering heart doth rove,  
**Then** say, and look above,  
 “*Thy will be done.*”



DEATH OF MRS. H. W. L. WINSLOW,  
MISSIONARY IN CEYLON.



THY name hath power like magic. Back it  
brings

The earliest pictures hung in memory's halls,  
Tinting them freshly o'er:—the rugged cliff,—  
The towering trees,—the wintry walk to  
school,—

The page so often conn'd,—the hour of sport  
Well earn'd and dearly priz'd,—the sparkling  
brook

Making its slight cascade,—the darker rush  
Of the pent river through its rocky pass,—  
The violet-gatherings 'mid the vernal banks,—  
When our young hearts did ope their crystal  
gates

To every simple joy.

I little deem'd,

'Mid all that gay and gentle fellowship,  
That Asia's sun would beam upon thy grave,  
Tho', even then, from thy dark, serious eye  
There was a glancing forth of glorious thought,

That scorn'd earth's vanities. I saw thee stand  
 With but a few brief summers o'er thy head,  
 And in the consecrated courts of God  
 Confess thy Saviour's name. And they who  
 mark'd

The promise of that opening bud did ask  
 What its full bloom must be.

But now thy couch  
 Is where the Ceylon mother tells her child  
 Of all thy prayers and labours. Yes, thy rest  
 Is in the bosom of that fragrant isle  
 Where heathen man, with lavish Nature strives  
 To blot the lesson she would teach of God.

Thy pensive sisters pause upon thy tomb  
 To catch the spirit that did bear thee through  
 All tribulation, till thy robes were white,  
 To join the angelic train. And so farewell,  
 My childhood's playmatè, and my sainted friend,  
 Whose bright example, not without rebuke,  
 Admonisheth, that home, and ease, and wealth,  
 And native land, are well exchange'd for heaven.

"I WILL ARISE AND GO UNTO MY  
FATHER."

---

WANDERER, amid the snares  
Of Time's uncertain way,  
Of thousand nameless fears the sport,  
Of countless ills the prey :

A stranger 'mid the land  
Where thy probation lies,  
In peril from each adverse blast  
And e'en from prosperous skies.

In peril from thy friends,  
In peril from thy foes,  
In peril from the rebel heart  
That in thy bosom glows ;

Hast thou no Father's house  
Beyond this pilgrim scene,  
That thou on Earth's delusive props  
With bleeding breast doth lean ?

Yet not a Mother's care  
Who for her infant sighs,  
When absence shuts it from her arms  
Or sickness dims its eyes,

Transcends the love divine,  
The welcome full and free  
With which the glorious King of Heaven  
Will stretch his arms to thee,

When thou with contrite tear  
Shall wait within his walls,  
Imploring but the broken bread  
That from his table falls.

No more his mansion shun,  
No more distrust his grace;  
Turn from the orphanage of earth  
And find a Sire's embrace.

**VOICE FROM THE GRAVE OF A  
SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.**

---

Yes this is the holy ground,  
Lay me to slumber here,  
The cherish'd thoughts of early days,  
Have made this spot most dear,—  
Fast by the hallow'd church  
Where first I learned to pray  
In faith, and penitence and peace,—  
Make ye my bed of clay.

Though life hath been to me  
A scene of joy and love,  
And sweet affections round my heart  
Unchanging garlands wove,  
Though knowledge in its power  
At studious midnight came,  
Enkindling in my raptur'd mind,  
A bright, unwavering flame ;

Yet dearer far than all,  
Was Heaven's celestial lore :

Then come, belov'd and youthful train,  
Who hear my voice no more  
Come, sing the hymn I taught,  
Here, by my lowly bed,  
And with your Sabbath-lessons blend  
Sweet memories of the dead.

ON THE DEATH OF A MEMBER OF THE INFANT  
SCHOOL.

“He gathereth the lambs with his arm, and carrieth  
them in his bosom.”—ISAIAH.

LAMB ! in a clime of verdure,  
Thy favored lot was cast,  
No serpent 'mid thy flow'ry food,  
Upon thy fold no blast,—  
Thine were the crystal fountains,  
And thine a cloudless sky,  
Amid thy sports a star of love  
Thy playmate brother's eye.

Approving guides caress'd thee,  
Where'er thy footsteps rov'd ;  
The ear that heard thee bless'd thee,  
The eye that saw thee lov'd ;  
Yet life hath snares and sorrows  
From which no friend can save,

And evils might have thronged thy path,  
Which thou wert weak to brave.

There is a heavenly Shepherd,  
And ere thy infant charms  
Had caught the tinge of care or woe  
He call'd thee to his arms,  
And though the shadowy valley,  
With Death's dark frown was dim,  
Light cheer'd the stormy passage  
And thou art safe with *Him*.

## DEATH OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.



**MUSIC** was in thy heart, and fast entwin'd,  
 And closely knotted with its infant strings,  
 Werè the rich chords of melody. When youth  
 And science led thee to their classic bower,  
 A pale and patient student, the lone lamp  
 Of midnight vigil found thee pouring out  
 Thy soul in dulcet sound. In memory's cell  
 Still live those thrilling tones, as erst they broke,  
 Beguiling with sweet choral symphonies  
 The festal hour.

But, lo! while thou didst wake  
 The solemn organ to entrancing power,  
 Tracing the secret spells of harmony,  
 On through deep rapture's labyrinthine maze  
 Devotion came, and breath'd upon thy brow,  
 And made her temple in thy tuneful breast.  
 So, music led thee to thy Saviour's feet,  
 Serene and true disciple, and their harps  
 Who fondly hold untiring guardianship  
 O'er frail man's pilgrim-path, were tremulous  
 With joy for thee.



Nor vainly to thy soul  
Came Heaven's high message wrapp'd in min  
trelsy,  
For to its service, with unshrinking zeal,  
The blossom of thy life was dedicate.  
Thy hand was on God's altar, when a touch,  
Sudden and strange and icy cold, unloos'd  
Its fervent grasp. Thy gentle heart was glad  
With the soft promise of a hallow'd love.  
But stern death dash'd it out. Now there are  
tears  
In tenderest eyes for thee.

Yet we who know  
That earth hath many discords for a soul  
Fine-ton'd and seraph-strung, and that the feet  
Which fain would follow Christ are sometimes  
held  
In the dark meshes of a downward course,  
Till strong repentance urge them back with  
tears,  
Do feel thy gain.

'Tis well thou art at home,  
Spirit of melody and peace and love.

## THE SOUTH-AMERICAN STATUES.

---

There are still found, upon the snow-covered cliffs of the Andes, the bodies of some of those Spaniards, who after the discovery of America, in searching for the rich mines, that had been described to them in Peru, took a circuitous route among the mountains, and perished by the cold, which petrified them into statues.

---

WHY seek ye out such dizzy height  
 Amid yon drear domain?  
 Why choose ye cells with frost-work white  
 Ye haughty men of Spain?  
 The Condor, on his mighty wing  
 Doth scale your cloud-wreathed walls,  
 But to his scream their caverns ring,  
 As from the cliff he falls.

The poor Peruvian scans with dread  
 Your fix'd and stony eye,  
 The timid child averts his head,  
 And faster hurries by,

They from the fathers of the land  
Have heard your withering tale,  
Nor spare to mock the tyrant band  
Transformed to statues pale.

Ye came to grasp the Indian's gold,  
Ye scorn'd his feathery dart,  
But Andes rose, that monarch old,  
And took his children's part,  
And with that strange embalming art  
Which ancient Egypt knew,  
He threw his frost-chain o'er your heart,  
As to his breast ye grew.

He chain'd you while strong manhood's tide  
Did through your bosoms roll  
Upon your lip the curl of pride,  
And avarice in your soul.  
Strange slumber stole with mortal pang  
Across the frozen plain,  
And thunderblasts your sentence rang,  
"Sleep and ne'er wake again."

Uprose the moon, the Queen of night  
Danc'd with the Protean tide,  
And years fulfill'd their measur'd flight,  
And ripening ages died,  
Slow centuries in oblivion's flood  
Sank like the tossing wave,

But changeless and transfix'd ye stood,  
The dead without a grave.

The infant wrought its flowery span  
On Love's maternal breast,  
And whiten'd to a hoary man,  
And laid him down to rest,  
Race after race, with weary moan  
Went to their dreamless sleep,  
While ye, upon your feet of stone,  
Perpetual penance keep.

How little deem'd ye, when ye hurl'd  
Your challenge o'er the main,  
And vow'd to teach a new-born world  
The vassalage of Spain,  
Thus till the doom's-day cry of pain  
Shall rive your prison-rock,  
To bear upon your brow like Cain,  
A mark that all might mock.

But long from high Castilian bowers  
Look'd forth the inmates fair,  
And gave the tardy midnight hours  
To watching and despair,  
Oft starting as some light guitar  
Its breath of sweetness shed,  
Yet lord and lover linger'd far  
Till life's brief vision fled.

Their vaunted tournament is o'er,  
Their knightly lance in rest,  
Ambition's fever burns no more  
Within their conquering breast,  
For high between the earth and skies,  
Check'd in their venturous path,  
A fearful monument they rise,  
Of Andes' vengeful wrath.

## AGRICULTURE.

---

**THE** hero hath his fame,  
 'Tis blazon'd on his tomb,  
 But earth withholds her glad acclaim,  
 And frowns in silent gloom :  
 His footsteps on her breast  
 Were like the Simoom's blast,  
 And Death's dark ravages attest  
 Where'er the Conqueror past.

By him her harvests sank,  
 Her famish'd flocks were slain,  
 And from the fount where thousands drank  
 Came gushing blood like rain ;  
 For him no requiem-sigh  
 From vale or grove shall swell,  
 But flowers exulting lift their eye,  
 Where the proud spoiler fell.

Look at yon peaceful bands  
 Who guide the glittering share,  
 The quiet labour of whose hands  
 Doth make Earth's bosom fair,

For them the rich perfume  
From ripen'd fields doth flow,  
They bid the desert rose to bloom,  
The wild with plenty glow.

Ah! happier thus to prize  
The humble, rural shade,  
And like our Father in the skies  
Blest Nature's work to aid,  
Than famine and despair  
Among mankind to spread,  
And Earth our mother's curse to bear  
Down to the silent dead.

## FUNERAL OF A PHYSICIAN.

---

THERE was a throng within the temple-gates,  
 And more of sorrow on each thoughtful brow  
 Than seemed to fit the sacred day of praise.  
 Neighbour on neighbour gaz'd, and friend on  
 friend,

Yet few saluted ; for the sense of loss  
 Weigh'd heavy in each bosom. Aged men  
 Bowed down their reverend heads in wondering  
 woe,

That he who so retain'd the ardent smile  
 And step elastic of life's morning prime,  
 Should fall before them: Stricken at his side  
 Were friendships of no common fervency  
 Or brief endurance ; for his cheering tone  
 And the warm pressure of his hand, restor'd  
 Young recollections, scenes of boyhood's bliss,  
 And the unwounded trust of guileless years.  
 —The men of skill, who cope with stern disease,  
 And wear Hygeia's mantle, offering still  
 Fresh incense at her shrine, with sighs deplore  
 A brother and a guide. But can ye tell  
 How many now amid this gather'd throng



In tender meditations deeply muse,  
 Coupling his image with their gratitude?  
 He had stood with them at the gate of death,  
 And pluck' them from the spoiler's threatening

grasp,

Or, when the roses from their pilgrimage  
 Were shorn, walk'd humbly with them 'neath  
 the cloud

Of God's displeasure. Such remembrances  
 Rush o'er their spirits with a whelming tide,  
 Till in the heart's deep casket tribute tears  
 Lie thick, like pearls. And doubt not there are  
 those

'Mid this assembly, in the scanty robes  
 Of penury half wrapt, who well might tell  
 Of ministrations at their couch of woe,  
 Of toil-spent nights, and timely charities,  
 Uncounted, save in heaven.

'Tis well!—'Tis well!

The parted benefactor justly claims  
 Such obsequies. Yet let the Gospel breathe  
 Its strain sublime. A hallow'd hand hath cull'd  
 From the deep melodies of David's lyre,  
 And from the burning eloquence of Paul,  
 Balm from the mourner's wound. But there's  
 a group

Within whose sacred home yon lifeless form  
 Had been the centre of each tender hope,  
 The soul of every joy. Affections pure  
 And patriarchal hospitality,

Like household deities, presiding, spread  
Their wings around, making the favour'd cell  
As bright a transcript of lost Eden's bliss,  
As beams below. Now round that shaded  
    hearth

The polish'd brow of radiant beauty droops,  
Like the pale lily-flower, by pitiless storms  
Press'd and surcharg'd. There too are sad-  
    den'd eyes

More eloquent than words, and bursting hearts ;  
Earth may not heal such grief. *'Tis heal'd in  
    heaven.*

## NATURE'S BEAUTY.

I LOOKED on nature's beauty, and it came  
 Like a blest spirit to my inmost heart,  
 And sadness fled away. The fragrant breeze  
 Swept o'er me, as a tale of other times,  
 Lifting the curtain from the ancient cells  
 Of early memory. The young vine put forth  
 Her quivering tendrils, while the patron bough  
 Lured their light clasping, with such love as  
 leaves  
 Do whisper to each other, when they lean  
 To drink the music of the summer-shower.

There was a sound of wings, and through the  
 mesh,  
 Of her green latticed chamber, stole the bird.  
 To cheer her callow young. The stream flowed  
 on,  
 And on its lake-like breast, the bending trees  
 Did glass themselves with such serene repose,  
 That their still haunt seemed holy. The spent  
 sun

Turned to his rest, and soft his parting ray  
 To mountain-top, and spire, and verdant grove,  
 And burnished casement, and reposing nest,  
 Spake benediction. And the vesper-strain  
 Went breathing up from every plant and flower.

The rose did fold itself, though it caught  
 From some high minstrel, the cry, "To  
 prayer!"

As which the Moslem kneels; and the blue eye  
 Of the young violet look'd devoutly forth  
 As looks the shepherd, from his cottage door  
 When the clear horn doth warn the Alpine  
 cliffs

To praise the Lord. And then the queenly  
 moon  
 Came through heaven's portal. High her vestal  
 train

Did bear their brilliant tresses in their hands—  
 Trembling with pride and pleasure. Beauty lay  
 Like a broad mantle on each slumbering dell  
 And to the domes, that peered through woven  
 shades  
 Gave Attie grace.

'Twere sweet to bear away  
 And keep the precious picture in my heart  
 Of these sweet woods, and waters, summer-  
 drest

And angel-voic'd—until I lay me down  
 On the low pillow of my last repose.

## SENTIMENT IN A SERMON.

---

“Piety flourishes best, in a soil watered by tears, and often succeeds, where harvests of temporal good have failed.”

---

HOPE's soft petals love the beam  
 That cheer'd them into birth ;—  
 PLEASURE seeks a glittering stream  
 Bright oozing from the earth ;—  
 KNOWLEDGE yields his lofty fruit  
 To those who climb with toil,  
 But HEAVEN's pure plant strikes deepest root  
 Where tears have dew'd the soil.

HOPE with flow'rets strews the blast  
 When adverse winds arise ;  
 PLEASURE's garlands wither fast  
 Before inclement skies ;  
 KNOWLEDGE often mocks pursuit,  
 Involv'd in mazy shade,  
 But PIETY yields richer fruit  
 When earthly harvests fade.

## THE POWER OF FRIENDSHIP.

AN ANCIENT LEGEND OF FRANCONIA.



'Twas midnight on the Gaulish plains,  
 And foes were mustering near ;  
 For there Franconia's warriors frown'd,  
 With battle-axe and spear.

Untented on the earth they lay  
 Beneath a summer sky,  
 While on their slumbering host, the Moon  
 Look'd down with wistful eye,

As if reproachfully she sigh'd  
 " Oh ye of transient breath !  
 How can ye rise from rest so sweet  
 To do the deeds of death !"

Discoursing mid the sleeping train  
 Two noble youths were found ;  
 Their graceful limbs recumbent thrown  
 Upon the dewy ground.

Bold Carloman's undaunted mien  
A hero's spirit show'd,  
Though Beauty on his lip and brow  
Had made her soft abode.

And Merovee's dark, hazle eye  
Like flashing fire was bright,  
As thus with flowing words he charm'd  
The leaden ear of night.

“Methinks 'twere sweet once more to see  
Our native, forest shade,  
And the wild streamlet leaping free  
Along the sparkling glade,

“With merry shout, at peep of dawn,  
The hunter's toil to join,  
Or in the tiny boat launch forth  
And rule the billowy Rhine.”

He paused,—but Carloman replied,  
“Lurks not some spell behind?—  
Why doth thy courtier-tongue delay  
To name fair Rosalind?”

“Those raven locks, that lofty brow,  
That ebon eye of pride,  
With firm, yet tender glance, might well  
Beseem a warrior's bride.”

With trembling voice he scarce pursued,  
" Why should we shrink, to say  
How much we both have loved the maid ?  
Yet on our parting day—

" Her farewell words to me were kind,  
They flow'd in silver tone,  
But ah ! the tear-drop of the soul  
Was shed for thee alone.

" If in to-morrow's bloody fray,  
I slumber with the slain,  
And thou survive, with joy to greet  
Our native vales again,

" O bear to her so long ador'd  
My dying wish,"—in vain  
To weave the tissued thoughts he strove,  
For tears fell down like rain.

Thrice Merovee the mourner's hand  
Wrung hard, and would have said,  
" Fear not that Love's insidious shaft  
Shall strike our friendship dead !"

He thrice essay'd,—yet still was mute ;—  
Then loosed his bossy shield,  
And laid him down as if to sleep  
Upon the verdant field.



He laid him down, but wakeful woe  
His weary heart amazed,  
And by the pale moon's waning ray  
On Carloman he gazed.

The pastimes of their boyish years,  
The confidence of youth,  
And holy Friendship's treasur'd vow  
Of everlasting truth,

Came thronging o'er his generous soul,  
And ere the dawn of day,  
Up from his restless couch he rose,  
And wander'd lone away.

But Carloman in broken sleep  
Still roved with troubled mind,  
Oft in his dark dream murmuring deep,  
"Adieu, my Rosalind!"

Then in his ear a thrilling voice  
Exclaim'd "Brave youth,—arise!  
The morn that lights to glorious strife  
With purple flouts the skies:—

No lover to his bridal hastes  
With spirit half so warm,  
As rush Franconia's sons to meet  
Red battle's moody storm."

Abash'd the youthful sleeper sprang,  
And Merovee stood near,  
An iron chain was in his hand,  
And on his brow a tear.

Then quickly round the forms of both  
That stubborn band he threw,  
And joined the parted links in one,  
And set the rivet true.

“ Think'st thou I'd cross the rolling Rhine  
And see our forests wave,  
And urge my suit to Rosalind  
When thou wert in thy grave ?

“ No !—by yon golden orb that rolls  
In splendor through the air,  
If honour's death this day be thine,  
That holy death I'll share.”

They arm'd them for the battle-field,  
Their blood was boiling high,  
Forgot were danger, love, and woe,  
In that proud ecstasy ;

Forgot was she, whose hand alone  
Could give their hope its meed,  
Forgot was all in earth or heaven  
Save their dear country's need.

Their rushing legions like the surge  
When tempests lash the main,  
With thundering shout and revelry  
Spread o'er the fatal plain.

Forth came the cavalry of Gaul,  
With glittering lance and spur,  
Led on by warlike Constantine,  
That Christian Emperor.

With cloud of darts and clash of swords  
They greet the early sun,  
And when his western gate he sought  
The conflict scarce was done.

But sober twilight's mantle grey  
Enwrap a silent plain,  
Save where from wounded bosoms burst  
The lingering groan of pain.

Crush'd forms were there, where stubborn life  
Still for the mastery pined,  
Stern brows, where death had pass'd, and left  
The frown of hate behind.

And mid that ghastly train were seen  
Two victims young and fair,  
The chain that bound their polish'd breasts  
Reveal'd what youths they were.

Bold toward the sky, the marble brow  
Of Carloman was turn'd,  
And firm his right hand grasp'd the sword  
As if some foe he spurn'd ;

His ample shield was fondly flung,  
To guard his partner's breast,  
And Merovee's pale, bloomless lips  
Upon his cheek were prest ;—

While weltering in the purple stream  
That dyed their garments' fold,  
Their flowing curls profusely lay,  
Bright chesnut blent with gold.

And eyes that wept such fate, might read  
Upon their bosom's chain,  
That *once* when Love and Friendship strove,  
The power of Love was vain.

## THE GARDEN.

—◆—

“ *Gardens* have been the scenes of the three most stupendous events that have occurred on earth:—the temptation and fall of man—the agony of the Son of God—and his resurrection from the grave.”—NOTES of the *American Editor* of KEBLE’S CHRISTIAN YEAR.”

—◆—

Is’T not a holy place, thy garden’s bound,  
 Peopled with plants, and every living leaf  
 Instinct with thought, to stir the musing mind?  
 —Where was it that our Mother wandering  
     went,  
 When ’mid her nursling vines and flowers, she  
     met  
 The gliding serpent in his green and gold,  
 And rashly listen’d to his glozing tongue,  
 Till loss of Eden and the wrath of God  
 Did fade from her remembrance? Was it not  
 A garden, where this deed of rashness check’d  
 The stainless blossom of a world unborn?  
 —Still, tread with trembling. Hast *thou* nought  
     to fear?

No tempter in *thy* path, with power to sow  
 Thy Paradise with thorns, if God permit ?  
 So, hold thy way amid the sweets of earth  
 With cautious step, and have thy trust above ?  
 —Is't not a holy place, thy garden's bound,  
 When at the cool close of the summer's day  
 Thou lingerest there, indulging sweet discourse  
 With lips belov'd ? Then speak of Him who  
 bare

Upon his tortur'd brow, strange dew's of blood  
 For man's redemption.

Bring the thrilling scene  
 Home to thine inmost soul :—the sufferer's cry,  
 " Father ! if it be possible, this cup  
 Take thou away.—*Yet not my will but thine :*"  
 The sleeping friends who could not watch one  
 hour,

The torch, the flashing sword, the traitor's kiss,  
 The astonish'd angel with the tear of Heaven  
 Upon his cheek, still striving to assuage  
 Those fearful pangs that bow'd the Son of God  
 Like a bruis'd reed. Thou who hast power to  
 look

Thus at Gethsemane, *be still ! be still !*  
 What are thine insect-woes compared to his  
 Who agonizeth there ? Count thy brief pains  
 As the dust-atom on life's chariot wheels,  
 And in a Saviour's grief forget them all.  
 —Is't not a holy place, thy garden's bound ?  
 " Look to the sepulchre !" said they of Rome,

“And set a seal upon it.” So, the guard  
 Who knew that sleep was death, stood with fix'd  
 eye

Watching the garden-tomb, which proudly hid  
 The body of the crucified.

Whose steps  
 'Mid the ill-stifled sob of woman's grief  
 Prevent the dawn? Yet have they come too  
 late,

For *He* is risen,—*He* hath burst the tomb,  
 Whom 'twas not possible for Death to hold.  
 Yea, his pierced hand did cleave the heavens, to  
 share

That resurrection, which the “slow of heart”  
 Shrank to believe.

Fain would I, on this spot,  
 So holy, ponder, till the skies grow dark,  
 And sombre evening spreads her deepest pall.  
 —Come to my heart, thou Wisdom that dost  
 grow

In the chill coffin of the shrouded dead,  
 Come to my heart. For silver hairs may spring  
 Thick o'er the temples, yet the soul fall short  
 Even of that simple rudiment which dwells  
 With babes in Christ. I would be taught of  
 thee,

Severe Instructor, who dost make thy page  
 Of pulseless breasts and unimpassion'd brows,  
 And lips that yield no sound. Thou who dost  
 wake

Man for that lesson which he reads but once,  
And mak'st thy record of the sullen moulds  
That mar the church-yard's smoothness, let me  
glean

Wisdom among the tombs, for I would learn  
Thy deep, unflattering lore. What have I said?  
No! not of thee, but of the hand that pluck'd  
The sceptre from thee.

Thou, who once didst taste  
Of all man's sorrows, save the guilt of sin,—  
Divine Redeemer! teach us so to walk  
In these our earthly gardens, as to gain  
Footing at last, amid the trees of God,  
Which by the Eternal River from His Throne  
Nourish'd, shall never fade.



## V I C E.

In vain the heart that goes astray  
 From virtue's seraph-guarded way,—  
 May hope that feelings, just and free,  
~~Seek~~ peace,—or firm integrity,—  
 Or innocence, with snowy vest  
 Will condescend to be its guest.

—As soon within the viper's cell  
 Might pure and white-wing'd spirits dwell,  
 As soon the flame of vivid gleam  
 Glow in the chill and turbid stream;—  
 For by strong links, a viewless chain  
 Connects our wanderings with our pain,—  
 And Heaven ordains it thus, to show,  
 That bands of vice, are bonds of woe.

## THE SWEDISH LOVERS.

WHERE Dalecarlia's pine-clad hills  
 Rear high in air the untrodden snow,  
 Where her scant vales and murmuring rills  
 A short and sultry summer know,

Where great Gustavus exiled, fled,  
 And found beneath a covering rude,  
 Hearts by the noblest impulse led  
 Of valour, faith, and fortitude,

There still, a virtuous race retain  
 The simple manners of their sires,  
 Unchanged by love of sordid gain,  
 Or stern ambition's restless fires,

And there, where silver-Mora flow'd,  
 In freshness through the changeful wild,  
 A peasant rear'd his lone abode,  
 And fair Ulrica was his child.

Unitur'd by the arts that spoil  
 The soul's integrity was she,  
 And nurtur'd in the virtuous toil  
 Of unpretending poverty.

Within a neighbouring hamlet's bound,  
In manly beauty's ardent grace,  
Christiern his humble dwelling found  
Amid the miner's hardy race.

He oft beheld Ulrica's hand  
A part in rural labour take,  
To bind the sheaf with pliant band,  
Or steer the light boat o'er the lake.

He mark'd the varying toil bestow  
On her pure cheek a richer dye,  
And saw enlivening spirits flow  
In dazzling radiance from her eye.

Oft in the holy house of prayer  
Where weekly crowds assembling bow,  
He mark'd the meek and reverent air  
Which shed new lustre o'er her brow.

And soon no joy his heart might share  
Unless her soft smile met his view,  
And soon he thought no scene was fair  
Unless her eye admired it too.

And duly as the shadows fleet  
O'er closing day, with silence fraught,  
Young Christiern with his lute so sweet  
Ulrica's peaceful mansion sought.

Long had the gossip's mystic speech  
Deep knowledge of their love profest,  
Before the timid lip of each  
The cherish'd secret had expost.

But when the trembling pain reveal'd,  
And vows of mutual faith had cheer'd,  
Quick on the hamlet's verdant field  
Christiern their simple cottage rear'd.

And taught Ulrica's rose to twine  
Its tendrils round the rustic door,  
And thought how sweet at day's decline  
When the accustom'd task was o'er,

To sit and pour the evening song  
Amid gay summer's varied bloom,  
And catch the breeze that bore along  
Her favourite flowret's rich perfume.

The appointed day its course begun  
With gentle beams of rosy light,  
When they whose hearts had long been one  
Should join their hands in hallow'd rite.

At morn the marriage bell was rung,  
Where the long spire from chapel towers,  
And village maids assembling hung  
Ulrica's lowly hall with flowers.

Yet mark'd a shade that pensively  
 Was stealing o'er her features fair,  
 For mid those hours of festive glee  
 The youthful bridegroom came not there.

Full oft along the coppice green  
 She deem'd his well-known step she heard,  
 Then brightening, rais'd her lovely mein,  
 Then sigh'd—for other guest appear'd.

Dim twilight o'er the landscape fell,  
 Sad evening paced its tardy round,  
 Nor Christiern at his father's cell,  
 Nor through the hamlet's range was found.

“'Tis but in sport,”—her neighbours cried,  
 “The temper of your heart to prove.”—  
 “Not thus,” the sinking maid replied,  
 “Doth *Christiern* sport with trusting love.”

Night came, but void of rest or sleep  
 Mope on its watches dark and slow,  
 Ulrica laid her down to weep  
 In anguish of unutter'd woe.

How drear the gentle dawn appear'd!  
 How gloomy morning's rosy ray!  
 Nor tidings of her lover cheer'd  
 The horrors of that lengthen'd day.

Weeks past away,—all search was vain,—  
Her smile of lingering hope was dead,  
She shunned the joyous village train,  
And from each rural pastime fled.

Time wrote his history on her brow !  
In characters of woe severe,  
And furrows mark'd the ceaseless flow  
Of fearful sorrow's burning tear.

Years roll'd on years,—her friends decay'd,  
Her seventieth winter chill had flown,  
A new and alter'd race survey'd  
The spectre stranger sad and lone.

“ Why do I live ? ”—she sometimes sigh'd,  
“ Thus crush'd beneath affliction's rod ? ”—  
But stern reproving thought replied,  
“ Ask not such question of thy God ! ”

Yet still she lov'd that pine-clad hill  
Where erst her love his way would take;  
Still wander'd near his favourite rill  
Or sat by Mora's glassy lake.

His white-wash'd cot with roses gay,  
Had lone and tenantless been kept,  
But moulder'd now in time's decay,  
And mid its ruins oft she wept.

The sound of flail at early morn,  
Or harvest song of happy hind,  
Awoke undying memory's thorn  
To probe anew her wounded mind.

Where near her cell, the quarries bold  
With veins metallic richly glow,  
And where their yawning chasms unfold  
Dark entrance to the depths below,

Once, while the miners toil'd to trace,  
Between two shafts an opening new,  
Mid earth and stones, *a human face*  
Glared sudden on their startled view.

A form erect, of manly size,  
In that embalming niche reposed,  
And slight and carelessly the eyes  
As if in recent dreams were closed.

The sunburnt tinge that bronzed the brow  
Was bleach'd within that humid shade,  
And o'er the smooth-cheek's florid glow  
The raven curls profusely play'd.

The pliant hand was soft and fair,  
As if in youth's unfolding prime,  
Altho' the bridal robes declare  
The costume of an ancient time.

Yet no recorded fact might tell  
Who fill'd that dark mysterious shrine,  
The hoariest ones remember'd well  
A shock which whelm'd that ruin'd mine,

But all of him who lifeless slept,  
Was lost in time's unfathom'd deep :  
At length an aged woman crept  
To join the throng who gaze and weep.

Propp'd on her staff she totter'd near,  
But when the cold corse met her eye,  
She clasp'd her hands in pangs severe,  
And shrieks revealed her agony.

And fainting on the earth she lay,  
With struggles of convulsive breath,  
As if weak life had fled away  
In terror at the sight of death.

Yet when their care again could light  
The vital taper's fading flame,  
When day assured her doubtful sight,  
Deep sighs and sobs of anguish came.

No word of notice or reply  
She deign'd to their inquiring tone,  
One only object fix'd her eye,  
One image fill'd her heart alone.



'Twas thus, diadaining all relief,  
She mourn'd with agonizing strife,  
While the wild storm of love and grief  
Rack'd the worn ligaments of life.

'Twas thus o'er age and sorrow's gloom,  
Unchill'd affection soar'd sublime,  
While strangely foster'd in the tomb  
Youth rose, to mock the power of time.

That shrivell'd form convulsed so long,  
And that bright brow devoid of breath,  
Gleam'd forth in contradiction strong,  
Like buried life, and living death.

'Twas strange from livid lips to hear  
Such wild lament, such piercing groan,  
While manly love reposing near,  
Call'd forth, yet heeded not the moan.

The mourner raised the curls whose shade  
Conceal'd that polish'd forehead dear,  
And there her wasted hand she laid,  
Exclaiming in the lifeless ear,

“ Oh!—have I lived to see that face  
Engraved upon my soul so deep?  
And in this bitterness to trace,  
Those features wrapt in holy sleep?”

My promised love!—thou still hast kept  
The beauty of thy mantling prime,  
While o'er my broken frame have crept  
The wrinkles and the scars of time.

Yes.—Well may I be wreck'd and torn  
Whom fifty adverse years have seen  
Like blasted oak, the whirlwind's scorn  
Still clinging where my joys *had been*.

My boughs and blossoms all were reft,—  
They might not know a second birth,—  
Why were my wither'd roots thus left  
Unhappy cumberers of the earth?

Yet still one image soothed my cares,  
Amid my nightly dream would shine,  
Came hovering fondly o'er my prayers,  
And this, my buried lord, was thine.

That smile!—ah, still unchanged it plays  
O'er thy pure cheek's vermilion hue,  
As when it met my childhood's gaze,  
Or charm'd my youth's delighted view,—

As when thy skilful hand would bring  
From mountain's breast, or shelter'd down,  
The earliest buds of tardy spring  
To scatter o'er my tresses brown.

But now the blossoms of the tomb  
Have whiten'd all those ringlets gay,  
Whilst thou in bright perennial bloom,  
Dost shine superior to decay.

Rend from thy lip that marble seal,  
And bid once more those accents flow,  
That waked even coldest hearts to feel,  
And taught forgetfulness to woe.

Wildly I rave!—as if thine ears  
The sad recital would receive ;  
Vainly I weep!—as if those tears  
Could move thy sainted soul to grieve.

Time was, when Christiern's treasur'd name  
No voice howe'er despised might speak,  
But from my bounding heart there came  
A tide of crimson o'er the cheek ;

Time was, when Christiern's step was heard  
With raptur'd joy's tumultuous swell,  
And when his least and lightest word,  
Was stored in memory's choicest cell.

Yet have I lived to mourn thee lost,  
To find each earthly solace fled,  
And now, on time's last billow tost,  
To see thee rising from the dead !

Ha!—didst thou speak,—and call my soul  
To bowers where roses ever bloom,  
Where boundless tides of pleasure roll,  
And deathless love defies the tomb ?

I come ! I come !"—Strange lustre fired  
Her glazing eye, and all was o'er,  
No more that heaving breast respired,  
And earthly sorrows pain'd no more.

So there they lay, a lifeless pair,  
Those hearts by youthful love entwined,  
Sever'd by fate, and fix'd despair,  
Were now in death's cold union join'd.

Full oft in Dalecarlian cells  
When evening shadows darkly droop,  
Some hoary-headed peasant tells  
Their story to a listening group.

And oft the wondering child will weep,  
The pensive youth unconscious sigh,  
At hapless Christiern's fearful sleep,  
And sad Ulrica's constancy.

## TO THE MOON.

HAIL, beauteous and inconstant!—Thou who  
 roll'st  
 Thy silver car around the realm of night,  
 Queen of soft hours! how fanciful art thou  
 In equipage and vesture.—Now thou com'st  
 With slender horn piercing the western cloud,  
 As erst on Judah's hills, when joyous throngs  
 With trump and festival, saluted thee;  
 Anon thy waxing crescent 'mid the host  
 Of constellations, like some fairy boat,  
 Glides o'er the waveless sea; then as a bride  
 Thou bow'st thy cheek behind a fleecy veil,  
 Timid and fair; or, bright in regal robes,  
 Dost bid thy full-orb'd chariot roll,  
 Sweeping with silent rein the starry path  
 Up to the highest node,—then plunging low,  
 To seek dim Nadir in his misty cell.  
 —Lov'st thou our Earth, that thou dost hold thy  
 lamp  
 To guide and cheer her, when the wearied Sun  
 Forsakes her?—Sometimes, roving on, thou  
 shedd'st

The eclipsing blot ungrateful, on thy sire  
 Who feeds thy urn with light,—but sinking deep  
 'Neath the dark shadow of the earth dost mourn  
 And find thy retribution.

—Dost thou hold  
 Dalliance with Ocean, that his mighty heart  
 Tosses at thine approach, and his mad tides,  
 Drinking thy favouring glance, more rudely lash  
 Their rocky bulwark?—Do thy children trace  
 Through crystal tube our coarser-featured orb  
 Even as we gaze on thee? With Euclid's art  
 Perchance, from pole to pole, her sphere they  
 span,

Her sun-loved tropics—and her spreading seas  
 Rich with their myriad isles. Perchance they  
 mark

Where India's cliffs the trembling cloud invade,  
 Or Andes with his fiery banner floats  
 The empyrean,—where old Atlas towers,—  
 Or that rough chain whence he of Carthage  
 pour'd

Terrors on Rome.—Thou, too, perchance, hast  
 nursed

Some bold Copernicus, or fondly call'd  
 A Galileo forth, those sun-like souls  
 Which shone in darkness, though our darkness  
 fail'd

To comprehend them.—Cans't thou boast, like  
 earth,

A Kepler, skilful pioneer and wise?—

A sage to write his name among the stars  
 Like glorious Herschel?—or a dynasty,  
 Like great Cassini's, which from sire to son  
 Transmitted science as a birthright seal'd?  
 —Rose there some lunar Horrox,—to whose  
     glance

Resplendent Venus her adventurous course  
 Reveal'd, even in his boyhood?—some La Place  
 Luminous as the skies he sought to read?—  
 Thou deign'st no answer,—or I fain would ask  
 If since thy bright creation, thou hast seen  
 Aught like a Newton, whose admitted eye  
 The arcana of the Universe explored?  
 Light's subtle ray its mechanism disclosed,  
 The impetuous comet his mysterious lore  
 Unfolded,—system after system rose,  
 Eternal wheeling thro' the immensity of space,  
 And taught him of their laws. Even angels  
     stood

Amaz'd as when in ancient times they saw  
 On Sinai's top, a mortal walk with God.  
 —But he, to whom the secrets of the skies  
 Were whisper'd,—in humility adored,  
 Breathing with childlike reverence the prayer  
 —“ When on yon heavens, with all their orbs I  
     gaze,  
*Jehovah! what is man?*”

## TO THE EVENING PRIMROSE.



PALE Primrose! lingering for the evening star  
 To bless thee with its beam,—like some fair  
 child

Who, ere he rests on Morpheus' downy car  
 Doth wait his mother's blessing, pure and  
 mild

To hallow his gay dream. His red lips breathe  
 The prompted prayer, fast by that parent's  
 knee,

Even as thou rear'st thy sweetly fragrant wreath  
 To matron Evening, while she smiles on  
 thee.

Go to thy rest, pale flower! the star hath shed  
 His benison, upon thy bosom fair,  
 The dews of summer bathe thy pensive head  
 And weary man forgets his daily care;—  
 Sleep on, my rose! till morning gilds the sky  
 And bright Aurora's kiss, unseals thy trembling  
 eye.



IMITATION OF PARTS OF THE  
PROPHET AMOS.

I, FROM no princely stock, or lineage came,  
Nor bore my sire, a prophet's honour'd name,—  
But 'mid the Tekoan shepherds' manners rude,  
My speech was fashion'd, and my toil pursued.

O'er hills and dales I led,—o'er streams and  
rocks,  
The wandering footsteps of my herds, and  
flocks,—

I fed them where the fruitful vallies fling  
Their first, fresh verdure, on the lap of spring ;  
Or where the quiet fountains slowly glide  
Their fringed eyes, among the flowers to hide ;—  
And when the noontide sun, with fervid heat  
Upon the tender lambs, too fiercely beat,  
I guided, where the mountain's sheltering head,  
A sable shade, across the landscape spread.  
There, while they sank in slumber, soft and  
meek,

I wandered forth, my simple meal to seek,

The juicy wild fig, and the crystal tide  
 My strength renew'd, and nature's wants supplied.

When sober twilight drew her curtaining shade,  
 And on the dewy lawn my flocks were laid,—  
 In my rough mantle, by their side reclined  
 I gave to holy thoughts my wakeful mind;—  
 The stars, that in their mystic circles move,  
 The sparkling blue, of the high arch above,—  
 The pomp of eve, the storm's majestic power,  
 The solemn silence of the midnight hour,  
 The silver softness of the unveil'd moon,  
 Spake to my soul of Him, the Everlasting One.

Once as I woke, from visions, high and sweet,  
 And found my flocks reposing at my feet,  
 —Saw morning's earliest ray, the hills invest,  
 Stream o'er the forest, touch the mountain's  
 breast,  
 Glance o'er the glittering streams and dart its  
 way,  
 Thro' the damp vales, where slumbering va-  
 pours lay,—  
 Methought, within my heart, a light there  
 shone  
 More clear, and glorious than the rising sun,—  
 And while my every nerve with rapture thrilled,  
 A Power Supreme, my soul in silence held.

Quick to the earth, my bending knee I bowed,  
 My raised eyes fixing on a crimson cloud,—  
 Which from its cleaving arch, the mandate bore,  
 "Go shepherd, lead thy much-lov'd flock no  
 more!"—

My trembling lips now press'd the soil I trod, <sup>+</sup>  
 "Shepherd, forsake thy flock, and be the seer  
 of God."

Uprising at the heavenly call, I laid  
 My crook and scrip beneath the spreading shade,  
 "I go, I go, my God!" my answering spirit said.

Thro' the rude stream I dash'd, whose foaming  
 tide,

Came whitening o'er the mountain's hoary side;  
 But pressing on my path, I heard with pain,  
 The approaching footsteps of my cherished  
 train,—

And wept, as gazing on their fleecy pride,  
 I thought, who now their wandering steps should  
 guide.

Yet still, within, the hallow'd impulse burn'd,  
 And soon, its answering thoughts my heart re-  
 turn'd;—

"My tender lambs, my unfed flock, adieu,  
 My God, a shepherd will provide for you,  
 One kind as I have been, whose care shall guide  
 You, where fresh pastures smile, and fountains  
 glide;

A hand unseen, a voice and purpose true,  
Divide you from my charge, and me from  
you."

What tho' my rustic speech and shepherd's  
dress

But ill a prophet's dignity express,—

What tho' the doom I bear, be dark with fear,  
And grate repulsive on the guilty ear,—

What tho' my heart beneath fierce tortures  
break,

And I, a martyr's fiery death partake,—

Yet He, who summoned from yon distant rock,

The rough-clad man to leave his simple flock,

With strength will gird him, for his wants pro-  
vide,

And quell the clamours of the sons of pride.

With fearless brow, I sought his haughty foes,

Where proud Samaria's regal ramparts rose,

But lo! the wasted suburbs, parch'd and dry

Spread a brown heath, to meet the wondering  
eye,

The smitten verdure, and the sterile plain,

Disclosed the march of a devouring train,

Before whose face, the fruitful earth was fair

Behind, a prey to famine, bleak and bare.—

The wasted herds, a poor, neglected train,

Sought their accustomed food, but sought in  
vain,—

Some, mad with hunger, spurn'd the flinty clay;  
And some in pangs of death, despairing lay.

Then, low to earth I bent my drooping head,  
As one who mourns his dearest idol dead,—  
“My God!” I cried, “my God, arise and see,  
Thy chosen people's fearful misery!—  
The sick land mourns its harden'd children's  
    sin,  
Thy wrath devours without and guilt within:—  
Ah! who shall drooping Israel's strength repair,  
If thou dost cast him from thy succouring care?”  
An answering voice was heard,—it spake to  
    me,—  
God spake from heaven—“This judgment shall  
    not be.”

Soon, nature's languid form, reviving fair,  
Sang praises to the God who answers prayer;—  
Vanish'd the reptile host,—the withering stem  
Spread forth anew, the bud reveal'd its gem,—  
Deep mourning earth, her robe of joy resum'd,  
And spicy gums, the summer gales perfum'd.

A flame!—a flame!—its awful ravage spread  
With quenchless wrath and indignation dread,  
Fed on the domes of pride, with angry sweep  
And hiss'd defiance at the watery deep.  
Ah!—who shall stay its rage, or curb its power?  
Our God!—protect us,—in this dreadful hour.

Long in my midnight prayer, I wept and  
mourn'd,—  
"This also shall not be,"—Jehoyah's voice re-  
turn'd.

Repent! Repent!—ye rebel race, I cried,—  
Go mourn and seek your God, ye sons of pride.  
Ye wound the stranger,—on the poor ye press,—  
Defraud the widow and the fatherless,—  
Ye scoff at justice,—every sin ye know,—  
And give to idols what to God ye owe.  
Scorn and contempt upon his law ye cast,—  
And think ye to escape his righteous wrath at  
last?

Your palace shakes!—A sword in crimson  
dy'd,  
Is drawn, all reeking, from your prince's side,—  
Hoarse cries of treason rend the shuddering  
air,—  
Murder and strife, and foul revolt are there,—  
Woes tread on woes, and trembling pity weeps  
O'er your fallen city and its slaughter'd heaps.

Ho!—ye, who sink on couches, soft with  
down,—  
And all your crimes in wine and music drownd,—  
Who snatch the garment from the shivering  
poor,  
And wrest his pittance, to increase your store,—

You, first, the plagues and wants of war shall  
vex,

The captive's yoke shall cling around your  
necks,

And you shall groan, in servitude and scorn,  
Like the slave sorrowing o'er his dead first-born.

Ah sinful nation!—of thy God accurst,  
Thy glory stain'd, thy crown defil'd with dust,  
Go,—hide thee in Mount Carmel,—dive the  
deep,—

Plunge in the slimy cells where serpents creep,—  
Make through the earth's dark dens, thy secret  
path,—

Yet canst thou shun the purpose of His wrath?

“Hence, to your woods,” they cried, “your  
herds and flocks,—

Go, drive your few sheep o'er the rugged  
rocks,—

Who bade you dare to quit the lowing throng?  
Who made you judge of violence and wrong?”

“He, who beheld me, at my humble toil,—  
Content and cheerful, in my native soil,—

He, who beholds you, from the frowning skies,—  
And all your wrath and arrogance defies;—

He call'd me from my flocks and pastures fair,  
He gave the message, which I boldly bear,—

And which I bear till death:—so breathe your ire,  
And wreak such vengeance, as your souls de-  
sire.”

Say,—whose strong arm compos'd this wondrous frame ?

Who stay'd the fury of the rushing flame ? :

Who made the mighty sun to know his place ?

And fill'd with countless orbs yon concave space ?

Who from his cistern bade the waters flow

And on the spent cloud hung his dazzling bow ?

Who drives thro' realms immense his thundering car

To far Orion and the morning star ?

Who light to darkness turns ?—and night to death ?

Gives the frail life and gathers back the breath ?

Who gave this ponderous globe, with nicest care  
To balance lightly on the fluid air ?

Who raised yon mountains to their lofty height ?

Who speeds the whirlwind in its trackless flight ?

Who darts thro' deep disguise, his piercing ken

To read the secret thoughts and ways of men ?

Who gave the morning and the midnight birth ?

Whose muffled step affrights the quaking earth ?

Who curb'd the sea ? and touch'd the rocks with flame ?

Jehovah, God of Hosts, is his tremendous name.



## DEATH OF THE PRINCIPAL OF A RETREAT FOR THE INSANE.

---

Few have been mourned like thee. The wise  
and good

Do gather many weepers round their tomb,  
And true affection makes her heart an urn  
For the departed idol, till that heart  
Is ashes. With such sorrow art thou mourned,  
And more than this. There is a cry of woe  
Within the halls of yon majestic dome—  
A tide of grief, which reason may not check,  
Nor faith's deep anchor fathom.

Straining eyes

That gaze on vacancy, do search for thee,  
Whose wand could put to flight the fancied ills  
Of sick imagination. The wrecked heart  
Keepeth the echo of thy soothing voice  
An everlasting sigh within its cells,  
And morbidly upon that music feeds.  
Mind's broken columns, mid its ruins bears  
Thy chiselled features. Thy dark eye looks  
forth

From memory's watch-tower on the phrenzy-dream,  
 Ruling its imagery, or with strange power  
 Controlling madness, as the shepherd's harp  
 Subdued the moody wrath of Israel's king.  
 Even where the links of thought and speech are  
 broke,  
 'Mid that most absolute and perfect wreck,  
 When throneless reason flies her-idiot-foe,  
 Thou hast a place. The fragments of the soul  
 Do bear thine impress—shadowy, yet endeared,  
 And multiplied by countless miseries.  
 Beside some happy hearth, where fire-side joys  
 And renovated health, and heaven-born hope,  
 Swell high in contrast with the maniac's cell,  
 Thou art remembered by exulting hearts,  
 With the deep rapture of that lunatic  
 Whom Jesus healed.

Still there's a wail for thee,  
 From those poor sufferers, whom the world hath  
 cast  
 Out of her company.—

Thou wert their friend,  
 And in their dark approach to idiocy,  
 Thy wasting midnight vigil was for them :  
 The toil, the watching, and the stifled pang  
 That stamped thee as a martyr, were for them.  
 They could not thank thee, save with that  
 strange shriek  
 Which wounds the gentle ear. Yet thou didst  
 walk

In thy high ministry of love and power,  
As a magician 'mid their spectre-foes,  
And maniac visions.

Thou didst mark sublime  
Death's angel sweeping o'er thy studious page,  
And, at his chill monition, laying down  
The boasted treasures of philosophy,  
Enrob'd thyself in meekness as a child  
Waiting the father's will.

And so farewell,  
Thou full of love to all whom God hath made,  
Thou tuned to melody, go home! go home!  
Where music hath no dissonance, and love  
Doth poise for ever on her perfect wing.

## LEGH RICHMOND AMONG THE RUINS OF IONA.

WHERE old Iona's ruins spread  
 In shapeless fragments round,  
 And where the crown'd and mighty dead  
 Repose in cells profound ;—  
 Where o'er Columba's buried towers  
 The shrouding ivy steals,  
 And moans the owl from cloister'd bowers,  
 A holy teacher kneels.

Rocks spring terrific to the sky,  
 Rude seas in madness storm ;  
 And grimly frowns on Fancy's eye  
 The Druid's awful form,  
 With mutter'd curse, and reeking blade,  
 And visage stern with ire ;—  
 Yet 'mid that darkly-blended shade  
 Still bends the stranger sire.

He prays,—the father for his child,  
 The distant and the dear ;

And where yon abbey o'er the wild  
Uprais'd its arches drear,  
When at high mass, or vesper strain  
Rich voices fill'd the air,  
From all that cowl'd and mitred train  
Rose there a purer prayer ?

His name is on a simple scroll  
With Christian ardour penn'd,  
Which, thrilling, warns the sinner's soul  
To make his God a friend ;  
But when the strong archangel's breath  
The ancient vaults shall rend,  
And starting from the dust of death  
Those waken'd throngs ascend,—

Meek saint!—the boldest of the bold  
That sword or falchion drew,  
Barons, whose fearful glance controll'd  
Vassal and monarch too,  
Proud heroes of the tented field,  
Kings of a vaunted line,  
May wish their blood-bought fame to yield  
For honours-won like thine.

## MARIE OF WURTEMBERG.\*

---

Who moves in beauty, mid the regal bowers  
 Of her dear native France ?  
 And while the fairy-footed hours  
 Round her all enchanted dance,  
 With florist's care doth nurse meek virtue's  
     flowers ?  
     Who bends so low  
     To hear the tale of woe,  
 And with a cloudless sunshine in her breast,  
 Findeth her highest joy, in making others blest ?

Genius, with inspiration high,  
 Beams from her enkindled eye,

---

\* The Princess Marie, daughter of Louis Phillippe of France, and married to Alexander, the Duke of Wurtemberg, had among other accomplishments, a great genius for sculpture. When the tidings of her death reached her native realm, the Queen said, in her grief, "I have one daughter less,—but Heaven an angel more."

Her sculptur'd touch, how fine,  
The graces o'er her chisel hang, and guide its  
every line.

At her creative power  
Forth springs that warrior-maid  
Who erst in danger's darkest hour  
Her country's foemen staid ;  
Lo ! Joan of Arc, energetic as of old,  
Stands forth at Marie's call, and fires the marble  
cold.

I hear rich music float,  
Hark ! 'tis a marriage lay,—  
Love swells with joy the enraptur'd note,  
Kings and their realms are gay,—  
Bright pageants guild the auspicious day,  
While Germany, who wins the gem  
Thus given from Gallia's diadem,  
A glad response doth pay ;  
And Alexander, with a princely pride,  
Leads to his palace-home his all-accomplished  
bride.

The skies of Italy are bright,  
The olives green on Pisa's height,  
But on that verdant shore  
Is one whom health with rosy light  
Revisiteth no more.  
How sad, beneath such genial shade,  
To see the flower of France reposing but to fade.

An infant's plaint of woe !  
Alas, poor babe !—how dire thy fate,—  
A loss thou canst not know,  
Whose drear extent each opening year must  
show,  
Meets thee at the world's fair gate :  
Thy tender memory may not hold  
The image of that scene of death,  
When the stern spoiler, all unmov'd and cold,  
Took thy sweet mother's breath,—  
Thy father weeping by her side,  
As, powerless on his breast, she bow'd her head  
and died.

She might not lull thee to thy rest,  
Or longer linger here,  
To dry thine infant tear,  
And share the unimagined zest  
Of young maternity.  
But from her home, amid the blest,  
Gazeth she not on thee ?  
Doth she not watch thee when soft slumbers  
steep  
Thy gentle soul in visions deep ?  
Press on thy waking eyes an angel's kiss,  
And bid thee rise at last, to yon pure realm of  
bliss ?



## Z A M A .



I LOOKED, and on old Zama's arid plain  
Two chieftains stood. At distance ranged their  
    hosts,  
While they, with flashing eye, and gesture  
    strong,  
Held their high parley. One was sternly marked  
With care and hardship. Still his warrior soul  
Frowned in unbroken might, as when he sealed,  
In ardent boyhood, the eternal vow  
Of enmity to Rome. The other seemed  
Of younger years, and on his noble brow  
Beauty with magnanimity sat throned ;  
And yet, methought, his darkening eye-ball  
    said,  
"Delenda est Carthago."

    Brief they spake,  
And parted as proud souls in anger part,  
While the wild shriek of trumpets, and the rush  
Of cohorts rent the air. I turned away.  
The pomp of battle, and the din of arms  
May round a period well ; but to behold

The mortal struggle, and the riven shield—  
 To mark how nature's holiest, tenderest ties  
 Are sundered—to recount the childless homes,  
 And sireless babes, and widows' early graves,  
 Made by one victor-shout, bids the blood creep  
 Cold through its channels.

Once again I looked—  
 When the pure moon unveiled a silent scene—  
 Silent, save when from 'neath some weltering  
 pile

A dying war-horse neighed, in whose gored  
 breast

Life lingered stubbornly, or some pale knight  
 Half-raised his arm, awakened by the call  
 Of his loved steed, even from the dream of death.  
 With stealthy step the prowling plunderer  
 stalked,

The dark-winged raven led her clamorous brood  
 To their dread feast, and on the shadowy skirts  
 Of that dire field, the fierce hyena rolled  
 A keen malevolent eye.

Time sped its course.  
 Fresh verdure mantled Zama's fatal plain,  
 While Carthage, with a subjugated knee  
 And crownless head, toiled 'mid the slaves of  
 Rome.

Once more I sought Hamilcar's awful son—  
 And, lo! an exiled, and despised old man,  
 Guest of Bithynian perfidy, did grasp

The poison-goblet in his withered hand,  
And drink and die!

Say! is this he who rent  
The bloody laurel from Saguntum's walls?  
That eagle of the Alps, who through the clouds  
Which wrapp'd in murky folds their slippery  
heights,  
Goaded his ponderous elephants?—who roll'd  
Victory's deep thunder o'er Ticinus' tide?  
And mid the field of Cannæ wav'd his sword  
Like a destroying angel?

This is he!

And this is human glory.

God of might!

Gird with Thy shield our vacillating hearts,—  
That mid the illusive and bewildering paths  
Of this dim pilgrimage, we may not lose  
Both this world's peace, and the rewards of that  
Which hath no end.

From this unmeasur'd loss,  
This wreck of all probationary hope,  
Defend us, Power Supreme.

## PILGRIM FATHERS..

---

**WHAT** led the pilgrims through the wild  
 Out, to this stranger land,  
 Matron and maid, and fragile child,  
 An uncomplaining band ?  
 Deep streams their venturous course oppos'd,  
 Dark wastes appall'd their eye ;  
 What fill'd them on that trackless way,  
 With courage bold and high ?

What cheer'd them, when dire winter's wrath  
 A frosty challenge threw,  
 And higher than their trembling roofs  
 The mocking snow-drift grew ?  
 When in its wasted mother's arms,  
 To famine's ills, a prey,  
 The babe bereft of rosy charms  
 Pin'd like a flower away ?

And when the strong heart-sickness came,  
 And memory's troubled stream,  
 Still imag'd forth fair England's homes,  
 That lull'd their cradle-dream,—

When no lone vessel ploughed the wave,  
News from her clime to bear,  
What nobly bore the stricken soul,  
Above that deep despair ?

What gave them strength, 'mid all their toil,  
In every hour of need  
To plant within this sterile soil  
A glorious nation's seed ?  
The same that nerv'd them when they sank  
To rest, beneath the sod,—  
That rais'd o'er death, the triumph-song,—  
Prayer, and the faith of God.

“WEEP NOT.”

---

“Weep not—he hath gone home—that little one.”  
MULLNER.

---

GONE home! Gone home!—how many a prayer  
of love,  
Breath'd out its ardour, to detain thee here,—  
And Fancy's dream its spell of fondness wove  
To make thee happy, as thou wert most dear.

Tho' round thy lip the smile complacent play'd,  
And joy enwrapp'd thee in her robe of light,—  
Yet was it not the *thought of home*, that made  
Thy brow so beautiful?—thine eyes so bright?

*The thought of home!* they deem'd it not, who  
knew  
Thy dear delight, among the garden flowers,  
Thy loving heart, to warm affection true,  
And all the gladness of thine infant hours.

Weep not:—'mid thornless flowers that never  
fade,

In bowers of bliss where raptures never cloy,  
Thou hast thy home, thy changeless mansion  
made,

Our transient visitant,—our angel boy.

## ON THE DEATH OF A FORMER PUPIL.

—●—

Not long it seems, since she with child-like brow  
 Pondered her lessons,—in rich fields of thought  
 A ripe and ready student. Her clear mind,  
 Precocious, yet well-balanced,—her delight  
 In varied knowledge,—her melodious tone  
 Of elocution, falling on the ear  
 Like some rare harp, on which the soul doth  
     play,  
 Her sweet docility, 'twas mine to mark,—  
 And marking, love.

Then came the higher grades  
 Of woman's duty:—and the pure resolve,  
 The persevering goodness,—the warm growth  
 Of every household-charity,—the ties  
 That bind to earth, and yet prepare for heaven,  
 Were gently wreath'd amid the clustering fruits  
 Of ripened intellect.

But soon, alas!  
 In search of health, to distant scenes she turn'd,  
 A patient traveller, still, with wasted form,



Led on by mocking hope. And far away,  
 From her lov'd home, where spread in fadeless  
 green,  
 The Elm, which cheer'd her sainted grandsire's  
 gaze,  
 (Like Mamre's Oak, o'er Abraham's honoured  
 head)  
 Far from the chamber, where her cradle rock'd,  
 And where she hop'd her couch of death might be  
 The Spoiler found her.

The long gasp was hers,—  
 But the meek smile was her Redeemer's gift,  
 His victor-token. And the bosom-friend  
 Took that bequest into his bursting heart,  
 As in the sleepless ministry of love,  
 He stood beside her, in that parting hour.

—See'st thou the desolate, on his return?—  
 Know'st thou the sadness of his lonely way?—  
 Deep silence, where the tender word had been,—  
 And at the midnight watch or trembling dawn,  
 The sullen echo of the hearse-like wheel,  
 Avoiding every haunt, and pleasant bower  
 Where the dear invalid so late reclin'd,  
 Lest some light question of a stranger's tongue  
 Should harrow up the soul. Know'st thou the  
 pang

• When his rest home, first met his mournful  
 view?

—What brings he to his children?—

Yon fair boy  
 Who at the casement stands and weeps,—can  
 tell,—  
 And he, who cannot tell,—that younger one,  
 Whose boundless loss steals like some strange  
 eclipse  
 Over a joyous planet,—and the babe  
 Stretching its arms for her who comes no more.  
 Oh! if the blest in heaven, take note of earth,  
 Will not the mother's hovering spirit brood  
 O'er those fair boys?

It is not ours to say,—  
 We only know that if a christian's faith  
 Hath changeless promise of the life to come,  
 That heritage is hers. And so we lay  
 Her body in the tomb,—with praise to God  
 For her example,—and with prayer, to close  
 Our time of trial, in such trust serene.

## THE SLEEPING INFANT.



SWEET infant, beautiful as light,  
 That on the snow-drop's bosom glows,  
 When scap'd from wrathful winter's might,  
 It trembles through incumbent snows,—

Amid thy cradle sleep we watch  
 The varying thought that faintly gleams,  
 As tho' we fondly hop'd to catch  
 The angel-whisper of thy dreams.

The angel-whisper! Tell us what  
 Is breath'd from that celestial clime;  
 Thou, nearer to its white-winged host  
 Than we who tread the thorns of time:—

Thou canst not tell,—no words are thine,—  
 But the pure smile that lights thy brow  
 Is sure the language of the skies,—  
 Oh keep it still unchanged,—as now.

## THE ORPHAN'S TRUST.

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“When my father and my mother forsake me, then  
the Lord will take me up.”—DAVID.

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HE, who around my infant steps,  
A firm protection threw,  
Whose prayers upon my head distill'd,  
Like summer's holy dew;—  
The staff hath fallen from his hand,  
The mantle from his breast,  
And underneath the church-yard mould,  
He takes a quiet rest.

And she, who at each cradle-moan,  
At every childish fear,  
At every fleeting trace of pain  
Stood, full of pity near;—  
Who to her fondly-cherish'd child  
Such deep affection bore,  
She too, hath given the parting kiss,  
And must return no more.

And therefore, unto Thee I turn,  
The never-changing Friend,  
Whose years eternal cannot fail,  
Whose mercies have no end ;—  
Thro' all my pilgrim path below,  
A Father deign to be,  
And show that mother's tender love  
Who hath forsaken me.

## THE ORDINATION.



UP to thy Master's work! for thou art sworn  
 To do his bidding, till the hand of death  
 Strike off thine armour. Thy deep vow denies  
 To hoard earth's gold, or truckle for its smile,  
 Or bind its blood-stain'd laurel on thy brow.

—A nobler field is thine.—The soul! the  
 soul!—

That is thy province,—that mysterious thing,  
 Which hath no limit from the walls of sense,—  
 No chill from hoary time,—with pale decay  
 No fellowship,—but shall stand forth unchang'd;  
 Unscath'd amid the resurrection fires,  
 To bear its boundless lot of good or ill.  
 And dost thou take authority to aid  
 This pilgrim-essence to a throne in heaven  
 Among the glorious harpers, and the ranks  
 Of radiant seraphim and cherubim?

Thy business is with that which cannot die,—  
 Whose subtle thought the untravell'd universe

Spans on swift wing, from slumbering ages  
 sweeps  
 Their buried treasures, scans the vault of  
 heaven,  
 Poises the orbs of light, points boldly out  
 Their trackless pathway through the blue ex-  
 panse,  
 Foils the red comet in its flaming speed,  
 And aims to read the secrets of its God.  
 —Yet thou, a son of clay, art privileg'd  
 To make thy Saviour's image brighter still,  
 In this majestic soul!

Give God the praise  
 That thou art counted worthy,—and lay down  
 Thy lip in dust.—Bethink thee of its loss,  
 For He whose sighs on Olivet, whose pangs  
 On Calvary, best speak its priceless worth,  
 Saith that it may be lost. Should it sin on  
 Till the last hour of grace and penitence  
 Is meted out, ah! what would it avail  
 Though the whole world, with all its pomp, and  
 power,  
 And plumage, were its own? What were its  
 gain  
 If the brief hour-glass of this life should fail,  
 And leave remorse no grave,—despair, no hope?

Up, blow thy trumpet, sound the loud alarm  
 To those who sleep in Zion. Boldly warn  
 To 'scape their condemnation, o'er whose head

Age after age of misery hath roll'd,  
Who from their prison-house look up and see  
Heaven's golden gate, and to its watchmen  
cry,

“What of the night?” while the dread answer  
falls

With fearful echo down the unfathom'd depths:  
“Eternity!”

Should one of those lost souls  
Amid its tossings utter forth thy name,  
As one who might have pluck'd it from the pit,  
Thou man of God! would there not be a burst  
Of tears in heaven?

O, live the life of prayer,  
The life of faith in the meek Son of God,  
The life of tireless labour for His sake:  
So may the angel of the covenant bring  
Thee to thy home in bliss, with many a gem  
To glow for ever in thy Master's crown.



## THE HOST OF GIDEON.

OF the crystal streamlet taste,  
 Warriors, in your eager haste,—  
 Here refresh your wearied line,  
 Ere in battle-strife ye join.

—Some upon the verdant strand  
 Scoop the water with their hand,  
 Others, on their knees supine,  
 For a deeper draught incline.

—But their chieftain standing by,  
 Mark'd them with an eagle-eye,  
 And his heaving bosom fir'd,  
 As he spake the doom inspir'd.

“By the few, who scoop'd the wave,  
 Shall our God, his Israel save,—  
 On,—ye chosen,—on with me,—  
 Yours the toil,—the victory.”

Small the band, yet on they prest,  
 Heaven's own courage in their breast,  
 And the strong and haughty foe,  
 Covering all the vale below,—  
 At their onset hold and high,  
 At their trumpet's fearful cry,

Prince, and chariot, turn'd and fled,  
Helpless in that hour of dread.

Soldiers of a glorious head,  
While this leagur'd earth ye tread,  
Lightly taste of Pleasure's wave,—  
Bow not down like Passion's slave,  
Lest, while others watchful stand,  
Ye forget the promis'd land,  
Lest, thy Leader's voice decree  
Joy to them, and shame to thee.

## FAREWELL.

*Farewell!* it hath a sombre tone,  
 The lip is slow to take it,  
 It seemeth like the willow's moan  
 When autumn winds awake it ;  
 It seemeth like the distant sea  
 Round some lone islet sighing,  
 And yet thou say'st it unto me,  
 And wait'st for my replying.

*Farewell!* thou fly'st from Winter's wrath  
 'Mid stony bowers to hide thee,  
 May freshest roses deck thy path,  
 Yet bring no thorn to chide thee ;  
 And may'st thou find that better land  
 Where no bright dream is broken,  
 No flower shall fade in beauty's hand,  
 And no farewell be spoken.





















